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DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

ONE of the most distinguished ornaments and noblest members of the Royal Academy has passed away in the person of the gentleman whose portrait we engrave this week—the late Daniel Maclise. The public no less than his fellow-workers in art sincerely mourn his loss, and dear old *Punch*, to which it is generally understood his pencil contributed the many clever sketches which have been latterly appearing under the signature of “D. M.,” has given this week a poem in his honour:—

Titan in strength, but guileless
as a child;
In whom the large heart
balanced the large brain;
Whose patient life and man-
ners plain and mild,
Lessened the fretful, and re-
buked the vain.

None knew but loved the man,
who seemed to grow
Only in power and passion
for his art:
Not in ambition for rewards or
show.
The hustling and the hux-
tling of the mart.

Who seemed above the craving
e'en for fame—
Such fame as asks the trum-
pet of the time;
Content to work and wait until
there came
That nobler fame, whose
laurels keep their prime.

He leaves the name an artist
ought to leave,
Of one serene of mood, of
manners bland,
Unknown to defame, defraud,
deceive,
Sweet temper, open heart,
and generous hand.

As a man he was indeed esteemed by all who knew him for his brave, kindly, and singularly-loveable nature; as an artist his career was marvellously successful, for he reaped most of the higher honours his profession offered. He declined not only the Presidency of the Royal Academy, but also knighthood, and worked on in his own quiet devoted way till death suddenly struck him down, as already noted in our pages.

Mr. Maclise, though born in Cork, on the 25th January, 1811, was of Scottish extraction, and his father was an ensign in the Elgin Fencibles. At a very early age the young Maclise showed considerable talent for drawing, but he was nevertheless placed as clerk in a banking-house in Cork. This, however, he quitted at the age of sixteen for more congenial pursuits, and arriving in London in 1828, he became a student at the Royal Academy, where he laboured



DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Watkins, Parliament-street.)

with characteristic zeal and perseverance, receiving during his course of study all the medals for which he competed, including the gold medal twice successively. He worked at intervals, both in the two years of his London studentship and two succeeding years in Paris, at book-designs and portraiture. *Fraser's Magazine* contains numerous etchings by the young Maclise. At this time he wrote his name in the Scottish manner, McClise. It was in 1830 that he went to Paris for the first time, whence he sent to the Royal Academy seven works, six of which were portraits, including those of the Princess Sophia and Mrs. S. C. Hall. The latter and her husband were amongst Mr. Maclise's earliest friends. He was then distinguished

for a handsome presence and noble manner, and rapidly rose in public esteem.

In 1831 he took the gold medal of the Royal Society for his original oil painting, the “Choice of Hercules.” His “All Hallow Eve,” a national subject, treated with singular ability, followed in 1833, succeeded by another Irish theme—his “Installation of Captain Rock.” Next followed his “Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,” a poetical subject, very clever and full of artistic qualities. Mr. Maclise was now a man of mark; those qualities which constitute the Maclise style were already clearly indicated; and a national painter of character subjects which, with other tastes and training, we might have had, was lost to the world, though it gained a brilliant limner of chivalric and romantic subjects in lieu of that. His reputation was now so strongly established that he ceased to rely upon portrait painting for an income, and, with occasional exceptions, such as his likenesses of Mr. Charles Dickens, Lord Lytton, and a few other celebrities, ceased to paint portraits altogether. The Vernon Gallery contains two of his most noted works, “The Play Scene in Hamlet,” exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842, and “Malvolio and the Countess,” a scene from *Twelfth Night*, exhibited in 1840.

In 1835 Mr. Maclise was elected an Associate of the Academy, and in 1840 added R.A. to his name. He has since been occupied mostly as a painter of poetical and dramatic works, often of large size, and frequently crowded with figures which evince liveliness of fancy and a skill of rare order in the drawing of the forms, as well as great richness and variety. Of his numerous pictures may be mentioned, as favourable examples of his style, “The Origin of the Harp,” in the possession of Mr. Alan Potter; “The Ghost Scene in ‘Macbeth,’” the property of Lord Chesterfield; “Snap-apple Night,” belonging to Mr. W. F. Fryer; and “Fitting out Moses for the Fair,” and “Moses's Return from the Fair,” the former painted in 1837, the latter in 1850, in the possession of Mr. John Chapman, the publisher; “The Author's Reception by the Players,” in the collection of Mr. Gillott, of Birmingham; “Gil Blas and the Parasite” and “Scene from ‘Midas,’” in the possession of Her



Majesty; "The Sleeping Beauty;" "Comus," a fresco in the Pavilion at Buckingham Palace; "The Ordeal by Touch," "Spirit of Justice," and "Spirit of Chivalry," in fresco, in the House of Lords; "Marriage of Strongbow with the Princess Eva;" "The Sacrifice of Noah," well known by the engraving; "The Wrestling in 'As You Like It,'" 1855, &c.

We need only add that he also illustrated Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and Moore's "Irish Melodies;" and was the author of many beautiful sonnets.

"Ethramonia."

A CHAPTER OF AN UNROMANTIC LIFE.

By LOUISE S. DORR.



How did I come, I wonder, by my outlandish name? I'm sure I don't know. I suppose it was given me when a baby, as most other people's names are. I fancy there may have been a stratum of the bizarre among my relations, which had an occasional outcropping, and years ago—twenty-six years!—can it have been so many?—it came to the surface in my name, Ethramonia. That is what it is at full length. A few call me Ethra, for short, and for the rest of the world, the most part of those who speak of me at all call me Miss Brown. It is this which makes the first part of my name seem so ridiculous. If, now, I had been Miss Devereux or Miss Killmansegge (not, however, with a golden leg) or Miss Halilhashniristan, the great eternal fitness of things would not have been so much outraged in my christening. But Ethramonia Brown! It is like hasty pudding and honey, whereas everybody knows that the orthodox collocation is hasty pudding and treacle.

I made some mention, a little way back, of my relations. They are all of the past. I am quite alone in the world. My mother did not survive the shock of my father's sudden death on the day that I was born, and of those who reared the orphan kindly none are left now. As I said, I am quite alone in the world. To some people that phrase expresses the sum total of human unhappiness. It is not so to me. On the contrary, I am not sure that I do not rather like it. The position certainly has its advantages. There are the A—s, now, whose rich uncle has just turned out a defaulter. They have always sworn by him, and they feel the disgrace very keenly. Then there are the B—s. Their son Percy is of the Harold Skimpole order, I should say, and is always getting into difficulties. They are constantly doing something to keep him up to the society mark, but it is like pouring water into a sieve. My relations give me no such trouble, and—which is quite as much to the purpose—I am no such trouble to them. Here is one advantage of being alone in the world. Then I really think that, in the general way, kinship is only another term for meddling. There is Rett Barclay. To my certain knowledge she has been engaged, or on the point of an engagement, five times within as many years, but her relations have always interfered to break off the match! Rett sulks and cries, and declares that she will do as she pleases, but in the end she invariably yields. I suppose it is a good thing to have a submissive temper if one has relations, but, having none, I think it good for me to do what I like. There is another consideration that comes in here. With many individuals their kindred are to them what a high board fence is to the enclosure it surrounds. The rest of the world is outside. They cannot look over the wall. Hence their charities, their sympathies, their affections are restricted to those of their own family. Verily, I think a worse fate may befall one than to be alone in the world.

"But you must be so lonely, living here by yourself," say my friends. Lonely? I suppose so, and if I like it why should I not be lonely? I have a good library, thanks to one of my departed relations; and a comfortable income, thanks to another. It is only 150*l.* a-year, I grant you. Flora McFimney would snap her fingers at it in disdain, I dare say, and so would Fitzbobbins Moneyferret. But I am not ambitious of becoming the object of Mr. Moneyferret's attentions, and as for Miss McFimney, she may go her way and I will go mine; for which gracious permission on my part I dare say she will not condescend to thank me.

"A life in which nothing happens." That phrase in Auerbach's novel, "On the Heights," struck me the other day. I do not wonder that I am, with her restless, impatient spirit, shrank from binding herself to such a life. But it has no terrors for me—probably because I am used to an uneventful way of living. One day at Gala House—the name of my house, like my own, has come down to me from my relations—is very like another. My life is one in which nothing happens. Now the sun shines, and the rain falls. The seasons come and go. In summer I work in my garden; in winter I work in my study. At all times I try to keep in mind what One has said, "The poor ye have always with you," and summer and winter I work for the poor.

I said my life is one in which nothing happens. Perhaps I ought to recall that statement. Something did happen on Thursday week. I had taken some trifles in food and clothing to the Nortons. Usually I send Mrs. Rounds, but that day she was busy, and I went myself. The

Nortons live in a poor house in the hollow at the foot of the hill. Outside, however, the place has quite a picturesque look. The house is literally vine-clad, and densely shaded with trees. These are mostly balm of gilead, but there are a few thick-headed firs before the front windows, so that in winter, as well as in summer, the beneficent sun can hardly effect an entrance into this poor dwelling. Mr. Norton is a mechanic, and, I believe, a skilful one, but he has always been unfortunate. To some men misfortunes come as naturally as an upward flight does to sparks. Mr. Norton is one of these men. If anybody loses his property and can't pay his debts, or turns scamp and won't pay them, Norton is always sure to be one of the losers. Then he has a sickly wife, and puny, ailing children. Of the latter, only four out of nine are living. Barbara is now growing into womanhood, with a soft, delicate prettiness, like a plant that has been kept in the shade. Her face does not express much character. She is vain, I think, and frivolous, and almost useless. I have more than once proposed getting her some good place where she could at least support herself, and perhaps help the family a little. But she has no mind for work, and her mother insists that Barbara is not strong enough to work for a living. As for teaching, that is quite out of the question, for the girl has not education for it.

On Thursday week I found the Nortons in trouble, as usual. Mr. Norton has had a fall, resulting in a lame side. He will hardly get to work again this summer. He was very much discouraged, and one cannot wonder at that. Mrs. Norton was at work on sale-shirts. Janet, the second girl, was taking care of the baby, which was down with the measles. Those children are always having the measles, I believe, though the programme is sometimes varied by whooping-cough or scarlet-fever. Barbara was doing nothing.

"Whatever we are going to do, I don't know," said Mrs. Norton, despairingly. I did not know either, but I never could abide to see distress without making an effort for its relief, so I turned the matter over in my mind, trying to see daylight through a blank wall. Mrs. Norton was doing all she could. Janet could not be spared from home. Barbara was the only hope

of the house, and a slim hope, too, I considered her. I knew it would be useless to offer her any situation where work was required; so, feeling that she must do something, I proposed to take her as a companion, having about as much use for such an appendage as a farmer has for an elephant. But I offered to give her her clothes and seven shillings a-week if she would come to live with me. To do this out of my hundred and fifty a-year would require pinching, I knew; and I did not crave such companionship as Barbara Norton's. I should have preferred to pay her the same amount and let her stay at home. This, however, I could not offer to do. Mr. Norton's pride would have fired up if I had, for he has pride, and I like him the better for it. Barbara promised to consider my proposal and let me know to-day; and there I think she is, coming up the lane, now. I must go down and let her in.

Three days later. Barbara is here, and now that I have got her, I am trying to discover what I am to do with her. She is quite as useless as I expected, and quite as vain. To-day she has confided to me that she cannot go into the street without being stared at by every man she meets.

"I don't see, I'm sure, what they all see in me to admire so much," she added, smugly.

Yesterday I cut up two of my dresses for Barbara, intending that she should make them up for herself. She declared, I'm afraid with some temper, that she never had made her dresses, and did not know how. Then it was quite time for her to learn. If I can teach her to make her own clothes it will be something gained; and here I have a powerful co-operator in her vanity, so that I think I may succeed.

Last evening I thought I would give "my companion" some work belonging legitimately to her sphere. Selecting "Aurora Leigh," because I thought her standard of womanhood might thus be elevated, I desired Barbara to read to me; but after the first dozen lines I assured her hastily that she might stop. Not for another moment could I have endured that high-pitched, intoned, senseless rendering of passages for which I have the highest reverence. Barbara coloured deeply, divining, I suppose, that I was dissatisfied with her performance. I was sorry to have hurt her feelings; and thinking that she might do better with prose, I took down the "Testimony of the Rocks," which I had mentally devoted to a re-reading at the first convenient opportunity. Such bungling, shiftless work as she made of half a dozen pages of the first lecture

I desire never to listen to again. She was going on to the second, but I decided that we had had reading enough for one evening, and went to the piano. I was scarcely seated when Mrs. Rounds showed in a gentleman—a stranger as I thought at first. But it proved to be Philemon Eastcourt. We used to be great friends years ago; ten years ago it was that he went away to practice law, and I had heard nothing from him since. I was greatly surprised to see him now, not knowing that he had come home.

There is always something awkward about meeting friends whom you have not seen for years. When you have said, "I am glad to see you," and "When did you come?" and "How much you are changed!" or, perhaps, "You are not changed in the least," you are very apt to have reached a *standstill*, to use a colloquialism. You are unwilling to address your friend with the common-places which would be your only resource with a stranger, and the thread of familiar intercourse between you two was cut off so long ago that you know not at what point to join it again.

Something of this embarrassment I felt in meeting Philemon Eastcourt after an absence of ten years, and I was really glad of the diversion which my introduction of Barbara offered. After the first stiffness was got over, we had a delightful evening. Philemon is a grand specimen of the English gentleman—cultivated in taste, genial in temperament, half Apollo, half Hercules in person, with a dash of humour, a large heart, and a ready tongue. Such, from a single interview, I conceive him to be. I say, "from a single interview," because, having been only sixteen when he went away, I regard my old partiality for him merely as a girlish fancy, which is not apt to discriminate very closely concerning its object.

Four weeks later. Oh these golden July days! There will be none other than all the year like them, I am sure. What is it that Jean Ingelow says!—

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

"Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet." I can take that sentiment fully to my heart. Like the bees giddy with clover, I am fairly giddy with the sweetness of this lush summer-time. All things are steeped in sunshine. I think it must even have penetrated into the poor shaded house at the foot of the hill.

Lately I have advised the Nortons, as a sanitary measure, to cut down some of their trees and tear away a portion of the vines trailing over their house, but I am looked upon as a Vandal for the suggestion. The very baby raised her voice against such desecration. Even Philemon decided against the measure, when Barbara appealed to him, with a pretty simper and the question, "Don't you think, Mr. Eastcourt, that woodbine is a great deal prettier than rough, bare boards?"

Philemon gave his voice for the woodbine, and added a mock-pathetic recital of "Woodman, spare that tree." He is much too chivalrous, I suspect, to side with the mistress against a poor dependent, and I honour him the more for it. Nevertheless, I can but doubt the wisdom of sacrificing health to a sentiment, and, prettier though the woodbine may be, and touching though the pathos of "Woodman, spare that tree," I am true to my Vandalism. I never enter "The Shades," as I have named the Nortons' house, without a sensation of chill, such as one feels on going into a damp cellar.

The baby, who has recovered from measles, is now attacked by croup, and the puny thing is suffering greatly. I offered to let Barbara go home for a little while, but Mrs. Norton thought she could get along quite well without her. It is plain that she would not expect much help from her eldest daughter if she came.

Philemon Eastcourt comes here often. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see him, and generally more than once. They have sickness at the O'Briens', and last evening, just as Philemon came in, I was sent for to sit with the children while Mrs. O'Brien went out to do some necessary errands. I never refuse such a request, and did not now, though I feared Philemon would think he must go on account of it. He declared, however, that he would stay until I came back, which I was very glad to hear. He is getting to seem quite at home here, and brings with him so much cheerfulness and mirth that Gala House is becoming worthy of his name.

I came in quietly on returning from the O'Briens', and heard Philemon and Barbara talking gaily in the parlour. Phil can adapt himself to all sorts of people, and wins golden opinions, too, from all. He declared that he did not expect me back so soon, though I had been gone half an hour longer than I intended. I suppose he said this to set my mind at ease about leaving him so long alone, or what amounts to the same thing, for of course Barbara could be no real company for him.

He stayed until quite a late hour, to make up, as he laughingly affirmed, for the time I had wasted on the O'Briens'. We sang several new songs which he had brought, and when tired of singing we all went out to the piazza, where Phil and I talked of music and books and authors, and I do not know what else.

Upon one point we were very near quarrelling, I fear. Phil is one of those who believe that Macaulay had no heart. I believe he had a heart—a grand, noble, trustworthy heart. I can feel it beating in every page of his works. I rushed into a defence of my favourite, of which Phil declared, laughing, that it was "very warm and very womanish." When a man wishes to crush us down to the very earth, he thinks he has only to affirm that whatever we have said or done is *womanish*.

Evening of the same day. The Norton baby is dead, and Barbara has gone home for a week. Philemon was here when the message came for her. It was he who told her, and with such compassion and tenderness that if I had not guessed before she must have come to me today. I went home with Barbara, and have just returned from there. The family are in great affliction. The puny little sufferer—sufferer no longer, thanks to Him who careth the young lambs to His bosom!—looks very pretty in its soft white robe. I must not forget to carry

down some flowers to-morrow. I am glad so many of my white daisies are in bloom, and I noticed, as I came in, that my moss-rose—the white perpetual—has some lovely buds.

Mr. Norton is still unable to work, and the sting of poverty is added to that of bereavement. I made some mention of their circumstances to Philemon to-night, and he promptly gave me five pounds to use for them. That is so like him! I never knew any one else so thoroughly generous. With this sum, and what I shall be able to add to it, the necessary expenses can be met, and something left, perhaps, to lighten the poor mother's burden for a week or two.

Philemon is going away to-morrow to visit his sister. He ran up in great haste to-night to say "good-bye." He will be gone about a week, so I shall be quite alone again, as in the old days.

(To be continued.)

MARY.

THE box is not of stainless alabaster

Which o'er Thy feet I break;

Nor filled with costly ointment, gracious Master,

Poured for Thy sake.

Nay, rather is it shapen in this fashion—

A living heart,

Dashed all across with scarlet stains of passion,

And broke in part;

While from its open wound comes softly dripping,

Like slow tears shed,

In heavy drops, along Thy footstool slipping,

Its life blood red.

It needs no balm or myrrh for sweet or bitter,

But life and love

These sad conditions make mine offering fitter

Thy heart to move.

From all these chains of cruel wrong and anguish,

This load of grief

Wherewith my soul doth pant, and mourn, and languish,

Give me relief!

In Thy far home is not Thy soul still tender

For mortal woe?

Hear'st Thou not still amid that spotless splendor

The seraphs know?

Oh turn Thy human eyes from heavenly glory!

Say as before

Those tenderest words of all Thy Gospel story—

"Go, sin no more!"

ROSE TERRY.

Essays and Sketches.

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY.

CIVILISATION, in its modern growth, has produced a great many new wants of which our forefathers never dreamt; it has, on the other hand, and especially within a period of some twenty years, been singularly prolific in inventing means to supply those wants. We live



in an age, says the Scottish ladies' journal, when steam machinery and every kind of mechanical contrivance is brought to bear in lessening the labour of man. In every labour where it can be introduced, steam supersedes manual labour, and does its work well and without "striking" or grumbling. Not only in its coarser and heavier duties does it excel man, but also in the more delicate operations of an infinite variety of work, it produces an excellence and uniformity of finish perfectly marvellous to behold. Could the shade of Archimedes arise from the earth, or come from whatever abode the old mythology assigned him, he would find that, though we had scarcely applied leverage to so great an extent as to move the earth, we had nevertheless made very good use of all the mechanical powers.

To economise labour in the production of an article, to save time, which is money, to save trouble, which is supreme pleasure to the indolent, man has been incessantly taxing his ingenuity. Mrs. Shelley created an ideal Frankenstein that could walk and talk and indulge in the passions, but hers is but a literary work, great though it be, that lives in the printed page. Mechanism, more material, though it has not breathed the breath of life into its creation, has produced marvels of mechanical skill in automata. A Babbage has invented a calculating machine, which is one of the surest artificers of the age; while nothing can be more complicated and yet more certain in its operations than the apparatus which prints and numbers bank notes. Old housekeepers will remember the time when they used to make their own matches by slicing up slips of wood and dipping the ends in melted sulphur, relying for ignition on the spark produced on tinder by the primitive flint and steel. Now, the matches are cut by machinery, and chemical science supplies a compound which, though it ignites by friction, will only do so on its own prepared box.

In domestic economy invention has been wonderfully prolific of late, and it is to America, above all nations, we owe many of these "notions." Some of them are so startling, that when heard of for the first time, their successful operation seems utterly beyond attainment. Who would have ever supposed that a sewing-machine could take the place of the needle in the human hand? In preparing food there is scarcely an article that has not come under mechanical treatment, and cooks can revel in a perfect museum of patent inventions. There is the sausage-machine, the mincing-machine, the suet-chopper, the apple-arer, the potato-peeler, the French bean and vegetable

cutter. Then there are eccentric mashers, triturating strainers, whisk, and endless other machines. "To be served hot" is a grand maxim, but too often neglected; and yet do we wish our food steaming from the pan, even thirty-six hours after starting on our journey, on the wild mountain or dreary waste, we can so have it by the use of the Norwegian cooking apparatus. Nor are bachelors forgotten. With salamanders, bachelor kettles, asbestos, and gas stoves, Etnas, tea percolators and floats, Lysel's coffee-pots, cafetieres, egg-boilers, solitaires, a non-Benedict can make himself pretty comfortable.

There are some things people never learn to do well, either from want of skill or strength. How few can cut a cucumber on a plate. Hence we have the "Slice Guard," Lund's patent corker—most effective application of the lever; the oyster and sardine-opener, and the lemon-squeezer. This is the age of adulteration; and if it has been prolific in villainous substitutes, it supplies us also with milk and other testers. The languid swell can indulge in lazy tongues, egg-decapitators, and bread-slicers; and the lazy housemaid can use the rotary-cinder-sifter, the boot-cleaner, and the carpet-sweeper—the latter a modification of the lawn mower. The knife-cleaner is one of the most successful of modern inventions, and has economised a vast deal of work, not only doing it quickly, but far better than ever it was done before. For the workman there is the scissor-sharpener and the needle-threader; and for the writer the pen-maker, the pencil-cutter, and the ink-eraser, though nothing can ever supersede the old familiar penknife and india-rubber, unless we discover a human machine that never makes mistakes.

Young married people are great hands at new notions, and in such a household we shall be likely to see Crosbe and Blackwell's air-tight stoppers, the soda-water and screw-tap, the gazogene and selogene, and butter-press for squeezing out the butter milk and salt. Our newly-made Benedict will show us his patent library ladder to fold up into a pole, his gas-stove from the burners; while on the sideboard we shall see his folding-mat of neat veneer, and his patent charcoal filter. Warming-pans seem to have gone out and "hot bottles" come in; and as a reverse to this picture ice-refrigerators, piston freezing-machines, ice-chests and safes have become daily necessities. In the laundry department there are attempts at a revolution, and on a large scale washing, mangling, and drying machines may perhaps be found to answer in the economising of hand labour.

Among other useful miscellaneous improvements may be named the cask-tap, where no vent-peg is required, the self-acting cask-lift, wine-bins, easy-chairs, portable music-stands, and folding iron beds. Without the house, and equally tending to the domestic comfort, the accessories of the garden have not been forgotten. There are hydrepulps and aquapulps, garden-syringes, and, above all, the lawn-mower. England is famous for its lawns, but in their perfecting much skill and labour were required. The lawn mowing-machine is a wonder of mechanical contrivance, for it sweeps up what it cuts, and "leaves no trace behind." Nor has the nursery been forgotten, for mamma is supplied with baby-jumpers and endless means of amusement for her child, while nurse can ease her arms by depositing her burthen in the perambulator. Last, but not least, is that marvel of human invention—the sewing-machine. Of its perfect success no one can doubt; and though, unlike the steam-engine, it has reached perfection by fewer and quicker strides, still it must be accounted one of the wonders of the age. On this a chapter in itself might easily be written; but even the few inventions named, unequalled and varying as their success may be, will show how fertile has been the age in producing these aids to Household Economy.

We purpose in future numbers describing in detail—in a series of articles entitled "Here, There, and Everywhere," by a gossiping correspondent—all the more important novelties, possessing any interest for ladies, that are from time to time being introduced.—*Ed. L. O. P.*

The Grumbler.

(Being Occasional Letters to my Nephew, in Anticipation of his Marriage.)

VI.—ON "STUCCOED FRONTS."

MY DEAR REGINALD.—Experience is thought to be disenchantment. But I am in doubt whether it is not more delightful to remember Italy than to look forward to it. It was in the softest autumn weather that I came loitering through Lombardy from Venice to Milan. The mere romance of travel could not be more perfect than upon that journey. And the same kind fate that had made the whole way a *festa*, provided an archbishop to be inaugurated at Milan when I reached that city. It was a splendid spectacle, and of a kind that I shall never see again. It was a pretty jumble of things classic and medieval and modern. You could believe anything you chose as you looked at it. The chief figure in the mitre, draped in superb robes, and walking over flowers, was St. Augustine, or San Carlo Borromeo. I smelt the incense that rolled in clouds from silver censers swung by singing boys. And the superb vision passed along and disappeared in the cathedral.

I went with the rest, and later in the day I climbed to the roof and saw the snowy mountains. But even more alluring than they seemed to me the elaborate work of the cathedral itself. I am not, as you know, Reginald, an obstinate Conservative. I do not think the good old times were by any means so good as that fine name implies. In mere comfort and convenience, for instance, how unspeakably superior the ordinary dwelling-houses in our great cities are to Kenilworth in its prime. But, my dear boy, when I went in my youth from the houses whose front is venerated, as it were, with marble or freestone, and from the churches with elaborate modern or stone Gothic fronts and cheap brick sides, which always remind me of the scant royal robes of a certain barbarian king—when I went from these houses and stood upon

Milan Cathedral, and found marble everywhere, and beautiful sculptures hidden where perhaps not a hundred persons see them in a year, and on pinnacle and peak the same careful work—and everywhere that my eye could reach, whether points exposed always to the universal gaze, or those that must be sought to be seen at all, everywhere in the old work of the splendid building—not in the cheap modern ecclesiastical contrivances—I saw conscience; and then, Reginald, I understood what the critics mean by the moral influences of the study of the great cathedrals.

You remember the story told of the old Greek temple, that the parts which cannot be seen except at the risk of life are as nobly finished as those that salute every eye. And you know also the houses and churches which I just mentioned, the enormous pretence of solid and handsome work, an imposing aspect of marble or other stone, and then some morning the laths breaking through the plaster, and the exposed lie more contemptible because of the immense assumption. Well, if it were true of buildings only!

I drop in upon my young friend, the sweet, pretty bride, Mrs. Robin Twitter. What a charming little house, and everything so tasteful and graceful! I see nothing coarse or vulgar. Robin and she are not rich; but, happily, they can be comfortable, and she makes comfort elegant. I am ushered in, and seat myself in the pleasant drawing-room and take up the pretty book, and Mary goes to call Mrs. Twitter, and does not close the door behind her. But, gracious powers, what is it that, after a moment, I hear! What is this voice that scolds Mary as if she were a dog! What virago stands upon the stairs and barricades Mrs. Twitter's approach! Or, have I made some mistake, and am in the house of some fishwoman from Billingsgate married to a rich man! While I wonder little Mrs. Robin Twitter trips in. She asks rather hurriedly if the door was left open; and when I say that I think it was, she smiles and raises her eyes, and deplores the stupidity of servants; and then bubbles on in a bright rill of gossip, while I chat on, half angry with her for making me content to be a bachelor!

What do I care how gracious Mrs. Robin Twitter is to me? She wishes to please me—to have me say to my friends, "What a very agreeable woman Mrs. Twitter is!" And if she cared not at all to please me, she would still be polite, she would not scold me, she would not speak to me as if I were a toad. But when she thinks nobody can hear, she is harsh and cruel in her treatment of the poor girl, who is dependent upon her and her recommendation, and who does not dare to defend herself. It was the tone of a bully—could it have been the voice of the pretty bride I had come to see? Alas! I was inadvertently at the side of the church with that stately front, and the bricks were of the cheapest kind. I was in the rear of that palatial residence, and there was not a trace of marble or of stone!

It seems to me that if Robin Twitter would take his young wife on the Continent, and go with her to the great cathedral towns, and study those marvellous buildings carefully from day to day, and mark how exquisitely wrought this corner is that shall only be seen by chance, and how tender the grasp of that hand is high up in the statue carved over the door—if she would observe that everywhere the stone is the same beautiful marble, the work the same conscientious work, she would at last unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less truly—perceive that the great, rich, noble, inspiring human characters and lives are just like that cathedral—stately and vast; full of lights and shadows, of the sounds of worship and solemn joy; and far away, from whatever point beheld, they are a clustering group of sparkling pinnacles and spires, pure and glittering as frost, solid and stable as marble. And if you will come near and nearer to that cathedral—if you will intimately search it and explore every recess and hidden angle—if you will climb where you must hang alone in the blue sky upon a dizzy ledge where only the steadiest foot can hold—even there you shall find the same patient finish, the same conscientious care as of a temple built indeed for the All-seeing Eye.

Dear Reginald, will it not occur to that young stranger that she is a temple also, and that it is worthy only as it is so finished; that otherwise it is a vain show and a failure? The old cathedrals would not stand splendid in memory if they were fine façades only, finished with rubble and plaster and pretence; nor will any Mrs. Twitter, however gentle her manner and soft her tone in the drawing-room, ever be truly a lady to those who know her manner outside. Marriage is an awakening. I have heard, Reginald. It is the recovery from a delusion. Of course I don't believe it. But is not the cause of the saying the fact that what seemed a temple finished to the roof is so often only a pile of plaster made to imitate marble?—Yours, AN OLD BACHELOR.

MOTHER'S TREASURES.

THE snowy hood that once a sweet face shaded,
And hid the blue eyes in their mischievous play;
The idle chair of coloured willow braided,
The dresses that the dull moth eats away.

A broken china toy; a well-thumbed primer,
Yellow with keeping through the weary years,
Of turned until the pages, growing dim and dimmer,
Are quite obscured by thickly-falling tears.

Two little shoes by restless feet abraded,
That patter now no more upon the stair;
A bit of ribbon, stained by time and faded,
That never more may bind her flaxen hair.

La Vie Parisienne relates a very interesting incident which loses nothing by being translated into English. It took place during a representation of *Drille* at the Comédie Française. A young lady in one of the boxes followed with intense interest the first love scene between Marthe Sertorius and the maestro. The dialogue turns on a button to be attached to a glove. The girl, carried on by her own impulse, threw herself forward with an involuntary movement, exclaiming: "Foot, foot, do you see that she loves you?" The writer adds that if he were the author, he would wish no stronger proof than this of success.



SUMMER FANCIES.

By W. H. C. NATION.

ASK if the smiling Earth is glad
To greet the morning ray,
Or if the trembling leadlets bend
To hear what zephyrs say,
Or if in quest of water-grass
The thirsty cattle stray.

Ask if the reddening Sun desires
To gain the Ocean's bed,
Or if the thrushes court the shade
The sheltering forests spread,
Or if the daisies drink the dew
The balmy dawn has shed.

Ask if the bee is fain the sweets
Of woodbines to distil,
Or if the kisses of the rose
The moth with rapture thrill,
Or if the dragon-flies rejoice
To wanton with the rill.

Ask if the golden gates of Heaven
The soaring lark delight,
Or if the lonely bat is wont
To woo the peaceful night,
Or if the distant shores entrance
The storm-bound sailor's sight.

But if the sailor scorns the port,
And bines disgust the bees,
And grass the herds, and morn the Earth,
And birds forsake the trees,
And bats the night, and larks the sky,
And leaves disdain the breeze;

If dragon-flies detest the stream,
And daisies loathe the dew,
And if the Sun abhors the Sea,
And moths the rose's hue—
Why, then, I can with truth declare
That I, dear love, hate you!

The Coming Woman.

(Condensed from a paper by P. Thorne in Lippincott's Magazine.)

SOME one has been good enough to ask me to write about the Coming Woman. I feel inclined to comply, the subject is so temptingly easy—easy as sermons on the management of children to very young unmarried ministers. One has only to peruse the diatribes on the fashions and the Girl of the Period with which newspapers teem now-a-days, and then retire into the depths of his own moral consciousness and there construct the peerless She.

The Coming Woman will have the great advantage of being brought up by the Coming Father and Mother. Hence she will start in life under decidedly more favourable auspices than her less fortunate ancestors, now living. These estimable people, the Coming Father and Mother, believing fully in the wisdom of the old German saw,—

Air, Exercise, and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

will judiciously encourage her to tan her face, scratch her hands, spread her feet out going barefoot, climb trees and fences, slide down hill, walk in brooks, run races, make mudpies, ride on haycarts! They won't faint away if they happen to detect her whistling. On the contrary, they will be delighted, knowing that whistling is a sure indication of strong vitality, good spirits, a merry heart and a clear conscience. People only whistle when all is well with them, mentally and bodily. "Hoyden" and "Tomboy" will then be obsolete terms. Clothes will no longer be the idol to which her young life is the holocaust. The body will then be more than raiment. The main considerations as regards her dress will be that it shall be not an exact copy of some impossible—or what should be impossible—fashion-plate, but simply something loose, stout, and warm, adapted to the business of her life at present, having a good time and building up a fine physique. The Bad Child about whom Sunday-school books will be written, and who will be held up as a solemn warning, will be the naughty little girl who never tore her dress, who always sewed more than her "stent," who cried for her grammar, who obstinately refused to play out of doors, and who died of dyspepsia.

Even more carefully than with regard to her brothers will they consider for what occupation or art she shows a decided taste, and for that will specially train and educate her, whatever it be. She will be made to feel that something is expected of her too—that she is to have a living interest in the world and all its doings—that she is one of the factors of the common whole—that the days are past when

Men must work, and women must weep,

and nothing else. Instead of endeavouring to crush all originality out of her into the one mould of standard

conventional young-ladyhood, she will be recognised as an independent, individual soul, free to work out her own life in her own way.

And so, after this education, the Coming Woman steps on to the stage. Her appearance is prepossessing. She stands before us erect, supple, bright-eyed, alert. Perfect health shines in her eyes, glows in her cheeks, gives elasticity to her walk, a radiant cheerfulness to her face. Now what will she do with herself? Sit meekly down, a nonentity, a mere consumer of bread and butter, sighing, like "Mariana in the Moated Grange"—

"He cometh not," she said.
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

Not she. She will have some plan for her life—some real business in the world, she will throw herself into it with her whole soul, doing with her might whatsoever her hands find to do, and the Spirit of God, speaking through her obvious talents, calls her to do; be it housework, writing books, keeping them, teaching, farming, or what not. No one will wonder at it in that good time coming. It will be taken as a matter of course that all shall do what they can do well. The bugbear of the Proper, on whose altar so many women have sacrificed unusual gifts and talents as propitiatory offerings to its awful power, will have vanished—banished to the same shades where wanders disconsolately the spirit of the late lamented Mrs. Grundy. Her pay will be in exact proportion to the worth of her work. The days when a woman was employed because "she will do it just as well as a man, and we shall not have to pay her but a third as much," will be looked back upon with the same incredulous disgust with which we contemplate the dark deeds of the Middle Ages. Such meanness, such taking advantage of weakness and necessity, will hardly be credited.

This new order of things, this freedom and encouragement to follow out, unrestrained, the leadings of her own nature, will develop many new and even undreamed-of qualities and talents in woman. What we cannot of course now know, but, in spite of those wisacres who seem to think God would make a sad bungle of managing this world were it not for their assistance, it is hardly necessary to lose sleep worrying lest she "unsex" herself or transgress her "sphere." It is probable God is still at work in the progress of the world, as much as when in old historic times feudalism was done away with, the fetters of the Pope cast off by Luther, the Pilgrim Fathers were moved to seek "freedom to worship God." It's as absurd to be frightened at the prospect of change and improvement for woman, to prate about "woman as God made her," as it would be to lament that America as God made it had been ruined by civilisation and railways. Some of these unco' wise people remind one of that sage fowl, Henny Penny, who thought the world had come to an end because a feather dropped on her own head. What a

pity it is that "woman as God made her" in more primitive times, when she was a Briseis, a Helen, a mere prize of war to be possessed by the strongest, or later, when, unable to read, a whole life was spent shut up in castles embroidering tapestry, should have degenerated into a Mrs. Browning, a Florence Nightingale, a Harriet Hosmer, a Rosa Bonheur, or even everybody's mother and sister that we meet daily! Wherein the Coming Woman differs from the Woman of the Period it will be for the better, not the worse. Created by God, living in his world under influences He has ordained, she cannot help being woman as God made her.

How the Coming Woman will dress cannot, of course, now be predicted, but it is safe to say she will not make a fright of herself, either by slavishly following the fashions or strong-mindedly ignoring them. In fact, I cannot but think it an open question whether in those days of enlightenment there will be any Paris fashions, though, perhaps, it is not best to yield to such dreary speculations. Life without Paris fashions! The feminine mind shrinks back appalled from the horrible suggestion. At all events, she will contrive, somehow, to get herself up attractively, in a manner calculated to raise a flutter in the heart of the Coming Man, and yet not endanger her health or make herself an object of scorn, and a quarry for *Punch*. She won't wear false hair, because she will have such an abundance of her own. The same objection will apply to rouge, to say nothing of her good sense. She won't wear more than forty ruffles, puffs, paniers and sashes on her dress, because, having something to do, her time and thoughts will be devoted to things of more importance. If shown what passes now for a "love of a bonnet," I fear she would say, with Petruccio,

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Indue course of time the Coming Man will appear, in whom, by the bye, no one seems to take the slightest interest. If she loves him, and thinks, all things considered, she shall be happier as his wife than in "padding her own canoe," she will marry him, provided he asks her. I don't believe she will ever "dare," Mr. Epes Sargent to the contrary notwithstanding. Being independent, having a character and support of her own earning, she won't feel obliged to strike her colours and come down at the Coming Man's summons, be he ever so poor a stick of a widower with a large family of aggravating children, for a home, for fear she shall be an old maid, to gain a position, for an object in life. She will have a distinct value of her own, not be the cipher which is nothing until attached to a significant figure, though even then the latter's value is increased tenfold by the union.

If the Coming Man succeeds in winning her, how happy he will be with her! She will possess a certain judgment, discretion, common sense, patience, taught by her experience, her successes and failures in the work she has chosen for her own. The fact of having helped herself will make her all the more able to help others. And then what a housekeeper this healthy, bright, energetic woman will make! Solomon must have had a presentiment of her when he wrote: "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Probably housekeeping will then be made easy by new conditions undreamed of now. The Coming Woman will not have to contend with headaches, back-aches, the innumerable ills flesh is heir to now-a-days.

Will the Coming Woman go to Parliament, be a government? I think not, though I should not like to speak with that positive certainty that marks most of our dogmatists—about the future life, for instance, or any subject of which we know little or nothing. Why I think not is that, as she will have full freedom and every advantage for developing her natural powers, she will find other fields for her energies more in accordance with her tastes. Women like to idealise their surroundings and occupations—to throw over them, if possible, a touch of poetry, or romance, or sympathy, or religion. It would be somewhat difficult to do this with Parliamentary and political associations—certainly, unless they, too, change greatly in the meantime. She may not impossibly be a minister or a doctor. Helping the fallen, inspiring the struggling and downcast soul, strengthening the tempted, lifting herself and others up to the highest and best, or trying to alleviate physical suffering—these consecrated callings would be especially attractive to woman's native instincts. Perhaps she may succeed as well as some who now "try their pretence hands" on us. But I hardly think she will choose to degrade her mind by flooding it with the strife, the clamour and brawl, the corruption, the belittling and lowering influences of politics. At all events, I have that confidence in her I feel I can trust her to act her own pleasure, especially as the old couplet, so flatteringly descriptive of the gentle feminine nature, will doubtless hold as true then as now

If she will, she will, you may depend on't:
If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Imagine the Coming Woman, in overhauling her great-grandmother's effects, lighting by change of order away a number of the LADY'S OWN containing little views, the distance it falls behind the truth, will amuse her! And yet, as she will be more strong, more wise, more "tender and true," more thoughtful, more earnest than we, contempt will not allow her pity as she peruses our feeble predictions of the glorious reality; nor, indeed, being a woman, will she be wholly insensible to our admiration.

A new serial, to be called *The Waif*, will be brought out in the autumn by a well-known publishing firm.

Mrs. Robinson, the widow of the Orientalist, Dr. Robinson, has died at Hamburg. She was well known as a writer under the nom de plume of "Taj." One of her early works, "Serbische Lieder" (1826), was undertaken at the suggestion of Goethe. She married two years afterwards, and went with her husband to the United States, where she published some books on subjects connected with philology, and also some novels.

The Compass Flower.

A little plant is found on the prairies of Texas called the "Compass Flower," which, under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the North, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveller, who, unsaid by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

Written and Composed by Dr. W. J. WETMORE.

p

1. There is a flower that decks the lea, A

flower that greets the wanderer's eye, It cheers his drooping heart to see, This lit - tle blos - som nigh

So as o'er life's long weary way The storms and tem - - pests low - - er; It

cheers our heart as on we stray To meet a Prai - rie flower; It cheers the heart as

cres *lento* on we stray, To meet a Prai - rie flower

colla voce *lento* *pp*

SECOND VERSE.

Then let life's storms and tempests blow,
What has the trusting heart to fear?
Where'er our wand'ring footsteps go,
Protecting love is near ;

Let clouds of trouble round us fly,
And o'er the sad heart lower :
Above the storm, beyond the sky,
Blooms Faith's bright Prairie flower.

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening, 11 Barbiere di Siviglia. Monday, Don Giovanni. Tuesday, Faust e Margherita. Thursday, La Sonnambula. Friday, La Favorita. Half-past Eight.

DRURY-LANE.—This (Saturday) Evening, Roberto il Diavolo. Half-past Eight.

HAYMARKET.—No Song No Supper.—(At Eight) Barwise's Book.—A Regular Fix.—My Husband's Ghost. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—French Plays. Eight.

ADREUX.—Too Much of a Good Thing.—(Quarter to Eight) The Prompter's Box.—The Enchanted Wood. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Breaking the Spell.—(Quarter-past Eight) Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next.—(Eight) From-Front.—The Variety Boat Race. Seven.

GLOBE.—Milk White.—(Nine) Robert Macaire.—No 1 Round the Corner. Half-past Seven.

STRAND.—Widow's Weeds.—Sir George and a Dragon.—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—From-Front.—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma.—(At Eight) M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Twist Ace and Crown. Seven.

HOLBORN.—The Happiest Day of My Life.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Behind the Curtain.—The Chamber of Horrors. Seven.

VAUDVILLE.—For Love or Money.—(At a Quarter to Ten) Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—Happy Village.—(Eight) Lucky Friday.—(Nine) Princess of Trebizond. Seven.

CHAMBER-CROSS.—Captain Smith.—The Twin Sisters.—Ision. Seven.

NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Uncle Dick's Darling.—Gny Fawkes. Seven.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Theatricals.—Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three. Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Mr. W. S. Woodin at Home. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three. Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.

MADAME TOSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MAY 8. SUNDAY.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 " 9. Monday.—Half-quarter day.
 " 10. Tuesday.—Sun rises 4.18 A.M.
 " 11. Wednesday.—Virgo due 9.30 P.M.
 " 12. Thursday.—Easter Low Term ends.
 " 13. Friday.—Sun sets 7.40 P.M.
 " 14. Saturday.—Sun rises 4.12 A.M.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and may also be obtained at the Railway Station and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR FRANCE AND THE CONTINENT.

Yearly 24 francs.
 Half Yearly 12 "
 Quarterly 6 "

AGENT FOR FRENCH AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
 Mr. Kinnear, 93, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

* In our next number an attractive page of dance music will be given, together with the commencement of a novel of great popular interest. A notice of the serials of the month will also appear.

MRS. W. (Stoke).—All the back numbers for this year may be obtained of our publishers. In addition to the numerous "work-table" illustrations, they contain many articles on tasteful home employments for ladies.

S. C. M. (London).—If you will kindly furnish us with your postal address, we will return the communication found unsuitable, as mentioned in our last number. We could then also furnish proofs when necessary.

DELIA MAY.—Two skirts and a short loose paletot may be made of your poplin for a girl of sixteen. Trim with fringe and ruffles.

WHITE.—We have said repeatedly that we, at least, do not profess to judge of character from one's handwriting; but if the latter be any indication, we should say that yours is not easily read.

PERPLEXITY.—If you cannot pardon such shortcomings in a friend it is hardly likely that you will ever be able to form a lasting friendship in a world where most people have faults. However, as you are only eighteen, and have been but one year from school, we would suggest that you may grow more tolerant as you grow wiser, and that it is rather early to despair of finding friend or lover. Our best advice to you is to shake off morbid sensibility and be polite and kindly to the world at large.

MRS. D. W.—Tyrolean hats are not worn by ladies of forty. A more becoming shape is a half-high crown with straight brim. This is pretty in grey chip or black straw with a China crane scarf.—The thick pongees do not rumple. Trim pongee with darker silk bands and fringe; mohair or alpaca with self-pleatings and bands.

MRS. C.—Small mask veils of three eighths of a yard of grenadine are worn pinned around the brim of the hat and merely covering the face, the ends being drawn up together at the back.

THIRTEEN.—The superstition in regard to thirteen at table, according to which one is fated soon to die, is, no doubt, derived from the fact that at the last supper of our Lord this was the number of those who partook of it, among whom was Judas Iscariot. Bishop Burnet, in his account of the conversion and death of the noted Earl of Rochester, old preface that one had: "He told me of another Lady Warre, his mother-in-law's house: The captain had dreamed that such a day he should die; but being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgot it; till the evening before at supper, there being thirteen at table, according to a fond conceit that one of them must die, one of the young ladies pointed to him some disorder; and the Lady Warre, reproving him for his superstition, he said he was confident he was to die before morning; but he being in perfect health it was not much minded. It was Saturday night, and he was to preach next day. He went to his chamber and sat up late, as appeared by the burning of his candle, and he had been preparing his notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed next

morning." The French are especially cautious to avoid the thirteen at dinner, but in England the uncomfortable conceit—for of course it is nothing more—is fast giving way to intelligence and common sense.

OUR EXCHANGE.—We have forwarded letters to "Musicius" and "Rubin."



SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

THE wonder is out! At length Mr. Disraeli's great novel, about which there has been so much gossip, has made its appearance, and been snatched up by impatient thousands with an eagerness that is almost without precedent. Nor need we feel any surprise. More quaint than ought to be found in the "Curiosities of Literature" would be a collection of the prophetic small talk of a few days preceding its publication as to what "Lothair" was or was not to signify. It was not hard to predict wit, epigram, sparkle in every page—a brilliant dialogue unsurpassed in the best literature of English comedy; in a word, to the fresh vivacity of "Vivian Grey" at nineteen, superadded the matured sarcasm of the brilliant statesman who has ruled England and educated his party. But the wildest flight of imagination never hazarded a guess that "Lothair" ought to have borne as subtitle "A Romance of No-Popery." The sonorous solemnity of Northern Warwick's great Protestant champion, the brilliant causation of the representative of Peter's own borough, and occasionally, too, the fervid eloquence of renowned Mr. Murphy, are united and illustrated and surpassed in rousing us to a romantic sense of the dangers that threaten old England, all through her modern tastes for red stockings! The author of "Coningsby" is no longer ambitious to regenerate society; he is content if he can save it from scarlet perversion and wooden shoes. But the expectant reader naturally may ask, What or who was Lothair? There is not much of Asian or European mystery in the answer:—

"I remember him a little boy," said the duchess, "a pretty little boy, but very shy. His mother brought him to us one day. She was a dear friend of mine. You know she was one of my bridesmaids?"

"And you have never seen him since, mamma?" inquired a married daughter, who looked like the younger sister of her mother.

"Never; he was an orphan shortly after. I have often reproached myself, but it is so difficult to see boys. Then he never went to school, but was brought up in the Highlands with a rather savage uncle; and if he and Bertram had not become friends at Christ Church I do not well see how we ever could have known him."

These remarks were made in the morning room of Brentham, where the mistress of the mansion sat surrounded by her daughters, all occupied with various works. One knitted a purse, another adorned a slipper, a third emblazoned a page. Beautiful forms in counsel leant over frames glowing with embroidery, while two fair sisters more remote occasionally burst out into melody, as they tried the passages of a new air, which had been communicated to them in the manuscript of some devoted friend. The duchess, one of the greatest heiresses of Britain, singularly beautiful, and gifted with native grace, had married, in her teens, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of our nobles, and scarcely older than herself. The daughters, with one exception, came first, and all met the same fate. After seventeen years of a delicious home, they were presented, and immediately married, and all to persons of high consideration. After the first conquest this fate seemed as regular as the order of nature. Then came a son, who was now at Christ Church, and here the interest of the story begins. It is not necessary for us to follow the plot, but we cannot close without saying that the story is Mr. Disraeli's best, has no political bearing whatever, and in the freshness of its love scenes might have been written by a clever young man just starting in life.

The leading Roman Catholics of Great Britain—ladies and gentlemen—came forward to sign and published protests against the proposed inquiry into monastic and conventual institutions. They protested not only against the inquiry it was sought to sanction by the House of Commons on Mr. Newdegate's motion, but "against any inquiry by authority of the State." We need concern ourselves here only with the ladies' protest, and this ran as follows:—

We, the undersigned Catholic ladies of Great Britain, having heard of the proposal for a Parliamentary investigation into the manner of life followed in convents throughout the country, desire to make known our most solemn protest against this proposal, and to declare that we consider the same as an attempt to revive persecution of our religion, and to be an infringement of our liberties in the most odious and insulting form.

We learn with the deepest indignation that it is suggested

that the Legislature, to which we have been accustomed to look as the guardian of right, order, and social propriety, should violate this, its recognised duty, in the case of those so dear to us as our daughters, sisters, relations, and friends, whom we have seen with joy and thankfulness, though at the cost of much mutual sacrifice, devote themselves to a life of retirement, prayer, and works of charity.

And as the religious life in community is an invariable feature of Catholicism, if Englishwomen are to be deemed to have forfeited their common and natural rights because they have embraced this life, then is the Catholic religion no longer tolerated, but persecuted, in this country.

The English Legislature does not intrude its inquiries into our homes and family life; we, therefore, feel the assumed necessity for an inquiry into the private life of our relations and friends in convents to be a deep and grievous insult to ourselves, an extreme cruelty to them, and a gross violation of their rights as Englishwomen.

This was signed by more than 600 ladies, including the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess Dowager of Argyll, the Marchioness Dowager of Lothian, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Victoria Hope Scott, Lady Mary Fitzalan Howard, Lady Philippa Fitzalan Howard, the Countess of Denbigh, the Countess Dowager of Buchan, the Countess Dowager of Newburgh, the Countess of Portlaurton, the Countess of Kenmare, Lady Gertrude Douglas, Lady Florence Douglas, Lady Alice Kerr, Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox, Lady Kerr, &c. At length on Monday, at the close of a long and exciting debate, the House of Commons reversed by two hundred and seventy votes, against one hundred and sixty, its previous decision to hold an inquiry into the character and increase of monastic and conventual institutions in this country. The result, if one might judge by the opposition offered on two different evenings to the adjournment of the debate on the nomination of committee, was perhaps unexpected; but the course taken by the Government on Monday turned the scale in favour of the opponents of the motion. In declaring his intention to support Mr. Cogan's amendment to discharge the order, Mr. Gladstone indicated a compromise which the House subsequently saw fit to accept. The state of the law as regards monastic and conventual institutions is confessedly anomalous. Mr. Gladstone accordingly proposed that the original order for the appointment of a committee should be discharged, so that a committee might be appointed whose powers should be limited to an inquiry into the state of the law as regards the income, property, and estates held by monastic and conventual institutions.

A new chapter in the mysteries of London was opened to the public last week at Bow-street. Two "ladies" and a gentleman, the occupants of a box at the Strand Theatre on the Thursday evening, attracted the attention of the police. The "ladies," in fashionable "full dress" attire, were smiling and nodding to gentlemen, and looking the parts they had assumed to such perfection that no one would have suspected that they were of the other sex. Their names were Ernest Boulton, aged twenty-two, of 43, Shirland-road, Paddington, gentleman, and Frederick William Park, aged twenty-three, of 13, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, law student. Hugh Alexander Mundell, aged twenty-three, of 158, Buckingham Palace-road, gentleman, was charged with having been found in company with the other prisoners, but he told the police and assured the magistrate that he believed they were women. He had met them on the previous evening, and had agreed to accompany them to the theatre. On leaving the theatre the "ladies" were apprehended and conveyed to the station, the gentleman subsequently. On being brought before Mr. Flowers, at Bow-street, on Friday, it appeared that the two "ladies" were known to the police as haunting certain streets, as well as the casinos; and from the fact that a score or more of photographs of one of them in female attire bore the imprint of artists in various parts of England, it was inferred that the "ladies" had been on a provincial tour. In coming before the magistrate they had on the dress of the previous evening. Boulton was dressed in a fashionable crimson silk, trimmed with white lace. He wore a flaxen wig with plaited chignon. His arms and neck were bare. He had bracelets and a white lace shawl round his shoulders. Park wore a green satin dress with panier, flaxen wig curled, white kid gloves, bracelets, and black lace shawl over his shoulders. On their rooms being searched, quantities of women's clothing and jewellery were found, as well as a number of chignons. The defence was that the disguise was assumed for a "lark"! The magistrate, however, refused to believe this, and remanded them, refusing bail.

New Books.

The History of the Pianoforte, with an Account of Ancient Music and Musical Instruments. By EDGAR BRINS-MARSH. Illustrated. (Cassell.)

THIS is a carefully prepared and popularly written work, designed for general reading, on a subject of great importance, and as such merits considerable favour. Of the thousands of amateurs who perform on that delightful instrument, the pianoforte, how few know its history—the many steps in the development towards its present high state of perfection, and the principles of its construction! Nor is their ignorance altogether inexcusable or

by any means difficult to account for. Many ponderous tomes, it is true, have been written on the subject, and numerous fugitive papers have appeared from time to time in the magazines; but it is not every one, however well inclined, who has the means of procuring or the time necessary for mastering the former; while the latter, from their very nature, necessarily reach but a restricted circle of readers at the best, and are soon utterly forgotten. Mr. Brinsmead, of the well-known firm of English piano-forte makers, now affords a desideratum. He has pressed into his service the works of all the principal authorities on ancient music as well as those on ancient and modern musical instruments; and supplementing the knowledge thus gained with his own practical experience in the latter branch of the subject, he has been enabled to produce a little volume that if not exhaustive in treatment, is sufficiently so, we suspect, for the majority of readers. It consists of some eight short chapters,—apportioned to ancient music; the stringed musical instruments of the ancients; the first instruments with the pianoforte keyboard; the invention and progress of the pianoforte; progress of the instrument from its introduction into England; invention and progress of the upright pianoforte; construction of the pianoforte; and lastly, hints as to the selection of a good instrument, its tuning, and repair of small defects. Of the author's manner of treatment an extract from the latter chapter will be sufficient to afford a notion, while the quotation will possess a distinct value of its own for very many of our readers:—

THE SELECTION AND CARE OF THE PIANO.

In the selection of a piano, even good judges are sometimes deceived, few being able to decide correctly until after the instrument has been in use for some months. The instrument may sound well in the room in which it stands, and yet sound badly in a carpeted and furnished apartment. Care should therefore be taken to select a piano with a *sustaining* quality of tone—that is, that, at a note struck in any part, except the extreme treble, should continue sounding for some time after it has been struck, and the key held down. This is the best test of an instrument, for a piano with this sweet and sustaining quality of tone will sound well in any room.

The only means of being certain that a piano is well made of seasoned materials is by purchasing one manufactured by some good maker, whose reputation would surmount any bias being upon an inferior instrument. We do not refer to makers who rely on the name made by the founders of their house, instead of the quality of their manufacture; but we refer to those who are rapidly rising to fame by the recommendation of the instruments they produce. Not only are their instruments lower in price, but they are also generally better than those manufactured by firms who, trusting to their name, are slowly but surely losing it. On the other hand, the so-called "cheap pianos" must be avoided, for a really good pianoforte cannot be made at a very low price. Either the materials or the workmanship must be inferior.

The sales by auction, and by "the widow of a musician," or any of the various means employed for disposing of cheap, trashy pianos, are now too well understood to be trusted.

The piano, having been selected, must be taken care of. As it is extremely susceptible to damp and change of temperature, it should never be placed against an outer wall, or too near the fire, door, or open window. Damp being one of the greatest destroyers of the piano, a short distance from the fire, and a little away from the wall, is the best position, and it should be kept covered at night with a swan-down cover. It must be kept free from dust, pins, and beads, as these often cause a jar, or a note to stick down in a piano. The top should not be loaded with music-books and ornaments, as they absorb the tone, and the ornaments often cause a jarring sound. The instrument should be tuned five or six times in the year, especially when new, as otherwise the pitch gradually falls, and the tone suffers.

Musings in Verse. By N. M. (J. C. Hotten.)

HOWEVER entertaining to the "few personal friends who saw them in manuscript form," and in an unimpaired moment recommended their publication, these "Musings" have not the slightest chance of winning the ear of the less impulsive and more critical reading public.

Apple Blossoms. By W. H. C. NATION. (W. Freeman.) THESE poems and songs, original and translated, are of considerably more merit than the last-noticed collection, and are perhaps equal to the ordinary run of magazine verse. We like the translations and adaptations best, but give the following as a fair sample of the original pieces:—

THE LIFE OF LIFE.

How nude would be the tree, did no leaves bear
The green of life;
What would the merle be worse who, nesting there,
No music made?
How could the leaves grow, if the dew no more
On them were shed?
How could the rivers roll on as of yore,
By rills unfed?
How black the night would look, if no Star's ray
Relieved its gloom!
Who would the roses care to call, if they
Had no perfume?
The Earth would be a waste did no Sun beam
From Heaven above,
And oh! how bleak and barren would Life seem,
Bereft of Love!

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Aldine Poets, Vol. 4, Burns's Poems, Vol. 3, 12mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.
Anstons's (Jane) Northanger Abbey and Persuasion, crown 8vo, 6s.
Bella's English Poets, Vol. 2, 12mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.
Bradwood's (Wm.) Esquimaux, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 5s. 6d., cloth.
Disraeli's (Rt. Hon. B.) Lothair, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 5s. 6d., cloth.
Esquimaux (Rt. Hon. B.) Lothair, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 5s. 6d., cloth.
Land's Women; Her Position and Power, crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.
Locke's London Lyrics, 12mo, 6s., cloth.
Pennyworth's (Lady E.) Norma, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 5s. 6d., cloth.
Scott's Novels, Century Edition, Vol. 5, Old Mortality, 3s. 6d., cloth.

The kingdom of Greece has hitherto had to get on as well as it could without a national air. At last the great Hellenic nation could stand it no longer! A German composer, August von Adelberg, was sent for; a national hymn was ordered from him, and a few weeks ago it was executed in the presence of the Sovereign and the Royal Family. The air is said to be original. Surely an adapted melody from *Fra Diavolo*, or from Offenbach's opera of *Les Brigands*, would have met all the exigencies of the case.

Deo Musir.

SONGS, &c.

"The Bridge." Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by CHAS. AVISON. (Weeks and Co., Hanover-street, W.)
"Beautiful Winklers." Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by J. W. CHERRY. Illustrated. (J. Shepherd, 20, Warwick-lane.)

THE BRIDGE.—Yet another setting of Longfellow's well-known words which seem to have a marvellous power of attraction for aspiring composers, be they professional or amateur. Why Mr. Avison should have chosen them, seeing they have been so often and successfully treated, it is difficult to say; he has necessarily been somewhat hampered and restricted in their treatment, and in his efforts to produce something original has barely escaped being laboured and unmusical. We see little if anything in the piece to cause us to prefer it to less ambitious efforts.

BEAUTIFUL WINKLERS.—Mr. Carpenter's muse, in her more showy flights, has the peculiarity of leaving all such prosy old authorities as Lindley Murray and Walker far behind, and the reader is consequently often in no little difficulty to decide just what the poet means. In this instance, however, if the words do not belong to a very high class of poetry, they are at least intelligible, and Mr. Cherry has wedded them to very pleasant music, a combination that should have special attractions for the musically-disposed amongst the many thousands who annually seek renewed health and spirits on the shores of our beautiful English lake.

DANCE MUSIC.

"Sir Simon Simple." Quadrille. By GEORGE RICHARDSON. Illustrated. (Duff and Stewart.)
"Cassino Tanze Waltzes." By JOSEF GUNG'L. (Hammond and Co.)

THE first of these pieces, by the musical director of the Globe Theatre, has for its frontispiece illustration one of the most striking scenes in Mr. Byron's popular play of *Not Such a Fool as He Looks*, to many persons doubtless a recommendation. Of the quadrille itself, it will be sufficient to say that it is based on such airs as "The Water Sprite," "The Languid Swell," "Abyssinian Gold," "The Convivial Man," and others of the same class, and is neither better nor worse than the many sets that are yearly published. To those in want of a spirited arrangement, it will be doubtless welcome, but is not likely to enjoy more than a very ephemeral existence.

Herr Gung'l's waltzes are of altogether a different order. They are marked by originality, spirit, power, and, though not by any means difficult, are very carefully worked out. With his many admirers they will fully sustain his reputation, and should gain for him some new friends.

Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte. (Ashdown and Parry.)

As a composer of popular pianoforte pieces Mr. Sydney Smith has been as successful as he has been assiduous. All but unknown a few years ago as a writer of drawing-room music, however much appreciated as a teacher, there are now few young ladies of any musical pretensions but are familiar with at least some of his pleasant studies, and his popularity is still on the increase. We are not altogether surprised, therefore, that he should have attempted what has engaged the pens of so many, a "method for the pianoforte," nor are we one whit more surprised that he has given to the work a good deal of conscientious care and thought, and not been content merely to collect hastily together a lot of old exercises, intersperse them with a few modern popular tunes, and then dignify the *rechauffé* with the name of a "new method." He endeavours to lead the pupil on by carefully graduated instructions; the exercises are also admirably progressive, and in the appendix a capital collection of suitable and attractive pieces is given, many of them entirely new, and all judiciously fingered for the instrument of which he is so skilful a master.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Saturday the private inspection of the display of pictures at the Royal Academy took place, and on Monday the gallery was thrown open to the public. "Labor et Ingenium," the brief motto on the title page of the catalogue this year, defines with terse accuracy the general character of a collection bearing evidence alike of admirable workmanship and of those more precious mental qualities which, exalting the imaginative above the mere imitative, or happily combining both characteristics in the same person, give to art its highest dignity and most enduring beauty. Many of our most eminent native artists, at whose hands the public have long been accustomed to expect the richest treasures of the national exhibition, are represented on this occasion by productions not unworthy of their fame; while men of inferior note—amongst whom are to be found some foreigners of great promise—give satisfactory proof of progress. The landscapes and sea views are, generally speaking, of more than ordinary merit; there is an excellent display of figure subjects—scriptural, historical, or purely ideal; and though the portraits are probably less numerous, they are, we think, of much higher pretensions than usual. Classing all manner of pictorial representations, however executed, under the same generic term of pictures, it would seem that there are in all 1,035 such works, of which 888 are paintings in oil, and the remainder water-colour. The drawings, miniatures, crayon sketches, and all the large proportion of the gallery contains 194 works of which a very large proportion are busts. The painters whose productions have been rejected this year cannot be allowed even the poor consolation of attributing their exclusion to want of space, no considerable area of the wall surface being undisturbed by a single picture. On the other hand, there is no cause of grievance either as regards "skying" or "flooring" a good place being assigned to every picture that has been deemed worthy of admission. What the collection wants in quantity is more than compensated in quality, the exhibition, viewed collectively, being the best that has been seen at the Academy for many years past. In future numbers we shall describe at length the principal works.

Miss Louisa Laidlaw, formerly of the Princess's, Lyceum, and Adelphi Theatres, died a few days ago of consumption.

"The Old Prose Stories from whence the Poet Laureate has taken the 'Idylls of the King,'" is the title of a new work to be issued by Mr. Hotten.

A cantata for voices and orchestra, upon which Mr. F. H. Compton is engaged, will be called "The Rose Maiden," and is adapted from a German legend.

A new story is announced from the pen of Mr. C. J. Kickham, whilom Fenian convict, under the title of "Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary."

During the past winter Mdlle. Nilsson has given six concerts in Paris for benevolent objects. They have produced more than 70,000 francs.

A committee has just been formed to raise a monument to the memory of the great reformer Luther, at Eisleben, his native town.

The Post says that it is perfectly true that a firm in Paternoster-row offered Mr. Disraeli 16,000l. for the copyright of "Lothair," but has authority for stating that the work is published solely on account of the author.

Both Mdlle. Nilsson and Mdlle. Patti were to arrive in London this week, and their departure from Paris is a sign that the Paris musical season is approaching its end. The Théâtre Italien closes on the 17th inst.

We hear that Mr. Charles Reade is about to produce an adaptation of his work on Trades Unions, called *Put Your-self in His Place*, at the Adelphi Theatre, towards the end of May. Mr. Henry Neville is to sustain the hero.

In the list of forthcoming concerts given in our last number, the printer accidentally substituted the word "April" for "May" at the commencement. The list itself with the exception of this word was quite accurate.

The new number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a long poetic translation from the modern Greek from the hand of the unfortunate Mr. Herbert, who has just come to so lamentable an end in Greece.

Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, authoress of "Lives of Eminent Englishmen," "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," &c., died on the 22nd ult. at Boulogne-sur-Mer, after several months of intense suffering.

Miss Lydia Thompson has published a lengthy defence of the assault committed by her upon the Chicago editor. What is more hopeful than her arguments in favour of that act is the regret she expresses at having been led into it.

The Sun, started on October 2, 1792, is about to undergo a change. After the 10th of this month it will appear morning and evening as a penny paper. Mr. Charles Kent will retain the editorship.

Amateurs of music are promised a "Handbook to Beethoven's Nine Symphonies," at the hands (says the *Musical Standard*) of Mr. George Grove, Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to be the publishers.

Mdlle. Desirée Artot and her husband, M. Padilla, after their brilliant tour in Russia, Germany, and Poland, have determined to pass the winter in a villa they have built at Vaud-Arvey, near that of Della Sedie and Beaumont, the painter.

Rumours point to the future of Her Majesty's Theatre as a home for tragedy and the legitimate drama. It is reported that Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and others among our best tragedians, have been communicated with respecting a scheme, the details of which are not yet settled.

An honour of a novel character has just been paid to the memory of Rossini. The Genoese have given the name of the illustrious composer to a ship of a thousand tons, which, before being launched, was christened "Il Gioacchino Rossini."

The opening banquet of the Royal Academy took place on Saturday night, under the presidency of Sir Francis Grant, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elcho, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Childers, and the American Minister were among the speakers.

On Monday night the French comedians acted MM. Meilhac and Halévy's play of *Frou-Frou*, at the Princess's Theatre. This celebrated drama is by this time too well known to the English public to require a minute analysis of its structure, and we described the plot of the English version in a recent number.

Two of the *artistes* engaged at the Victoria's theatre in Cairo were already found husbands. Mdlle. Serola, who appeared three or four years since at Alfred Mellon's concerts, is to be married to M. Arthur Trison, French Consul at Cairo. Mdlle. Jolly, another *artiste*, has secured M. Olagnier, another diplomatist.

The Miss Anne Isabella Robertson who has been actively employed for the last three years in advocating women's rights in Ireland, and who spoke at the recent meeting at Molesworth Hall, proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Fawcett, is, we hear, the author of "Society in a Garrison Town," the "Story of Nelly Dillon," and other interesting works. Her first book, "Myself and Relations," has been republished from *Chambers's Journal*.

We hear that Mr. S. Smiles has a book nearly ready belonging to the department of knowledge he has so successfully illustrated—biography. In it the author, it is said, will develop certain original and ingenious theories of human life which have suggested themselves in the course of many years of study as "Characteristics of Biography," in relation to race, lineage, culture, love, marriage, health, occupation, and various circumstances influencing life and character.

ANECDOTE OF PAULINE LUCCA.—There is always a certain charm in gaining an insight into the private life and character of a celebrated person, as from small traits a good idea of the character as a whole may often be formed. An especial interest must be attached to one so generally admired as the Austrian prima donna, Pauline Lucca, therefore we venture to hope the following anecdote may not be unwelcome:—"Whilst paying a visit of ceremony to a total stranger, to thank him for the way in which he had written of her acting in Berlin, she suddenly remarked, 'By-the-by, do you know my husband, the Baron Baden?' 'I have seen him many times,' 'Well, and what do you think of him?' 'He is a fine-looking, handsome man.' 'That's nothing to his credit.' 'Looks very aristocratic.' 'That is no fault, certainly; but,' she continued, impulsively, her face glowing and eyes sparkling in the warmth of her feelings, 'even if he were not of noble birth I should love him just as much. Did you know that he was entirely a marriage of affection? Only one thing about it vexed me. The King said laughingly to me one day, 'Well, Frauline Lucca, now you will be a baronesse.' If any one imagines I am going to jump for joy because of my rank, he is very much mistaken. I am La Lucca, and La Lucca shall remain to my art, even if I should marry twenty princes."

Our Work-Table.

INITIALS (EMBROIDERY).

PRETTY initial letters are very fashionable just now, especially when worked in colours, or at least with one colour and white upon handkerchiefs, table and bed linen, &c. We give this week three favourable specimens that may serve as guides to our readers, and they will be found useful for many ornamental purposes. They may be worked in a variety of ways, with black ingrain silk and white French cotton, or with red and white, or other coloured cottons. Of the first design the border and dots in the centre may be worked in colours; of the second, the border; of the third, the dots and scroll.

SOFA-CUSHION OR ANTIMACASSAR.

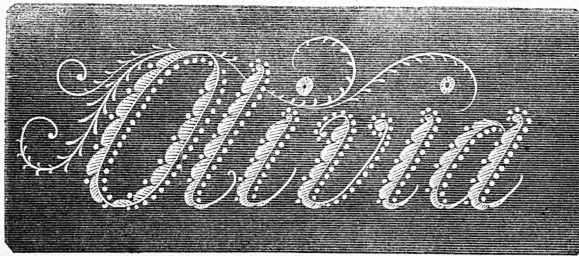
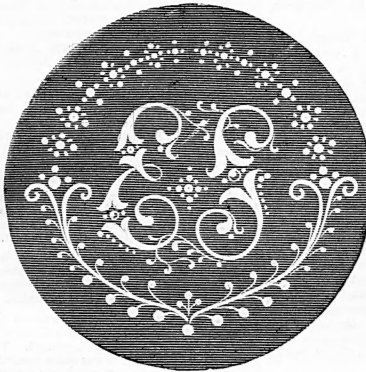
The Turkish brioche form of sofa-cushion is at once so elegant and useful for many purposes that it will always have very many admirers, and we this week therefore give the section of a design that will, doubtless, find favour with hundreds of our readers. If intended as a sofa-cushion, and where the furniture will admit of so decided a colour, we should recommend its being worked on Fenelope canvas, with a rather deep blue ground, the pattern in gold filocello. When completed it must be lined with velvet or satin, have a cord run round, and be drawn in in the centre by a rosette.

As an antimacassar to cover a brioche cushion it can readily be worked from our illustration, either in crochet or

should be taken that they are quite distinct. The ground is a deep chocolate.

We now come to the exterior design. The whole of the outline is to be traced out in steel beads. We mention this first, although they are better put on last, when the wool of the interior portions has been worked in. The scallops which are shown within the interior margin, which encloses the centre, are alternately blue and white on a black ground, all in Berlin wool, but with their outline in either gold or steel beads. The three ovals chained together, to form the corners, having an outline of steel beads, with the running serpentine line within also of steel beads, have one side of the line in yellow, and the other side of a darker yellow.

low. The ground within the space between these ovals, with the interior diamond shape, is crimson. The ground within the ovals is dark crimson. The exterior ground, filling up the work, to its extreme outer edge, is a rich blue.



London and
Paris
Fashions.

OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

BEGINNING with complete suits, two styles are seen, of which most others are merely variations—viz., the double skirt and short paletot for slender figures, and the long habit, or casaque for those more stout. The first style is most popular, as it serves both for house and street. The short paletot partly fitted to the figure is slashed, or slit open in the seams, has a broad rolling collar and flowing sleeves. Sailor collars are *passé*, the preference being the Maria Theresa shape, square and broad in front, sloping very narrow behind. Flowing sleeves are sewed in plainly at the arm-hole, widening sufficiently to hang straight when the arm is folded. The dress waist worn below paletots is round and plain, with low darts, narrow back, and short shoulder seams. Short basques do not answer with paletots, but worn with a double skirt form a complete costume.

Upper-skirts are either very long or very short, the only rule being that they must reach the trimming on the

netting and darning, and will be found extremely attractive.

OTTOMAN (IN BERLIN WOOL WORK).

As the ottoman has come to be considered by ladies an indispensable article in drawing-room furniture, we this week include a design in our illustrations which will be found very rich and effective when worked, from combination of material and contrast of colour.

The centre is a large, bold flower, of which the inner portions are white, shaded with a light lavender, the outer scarlet. The leaves and tendrils are of a bright bluish green of only two shades, not reckoning the veins, which are darker. When so small a number of tints are used, care

SOFA-CUSHION (BIOCHE) OR ANTIMACASSAR.

lower-skirt. Apron fronts and the cut-away tunic shape are both retained, and the backs are more bouffant than ever, but are made so by being draped very high or by piling two or three basques upon each other, though never by means of baggy puffs. They are frequently open to the belt behind, forming two long wings, and one always made very short on the sides by deep pleats taken on the hips, and not half-way down the skirt, as was formerly done. Simple but most stylish upper-skirts are as long as the under-skirts and draped over the hips and back. The tunic over-skirt has merely the front width omitted and the side gore curved away from the belt.

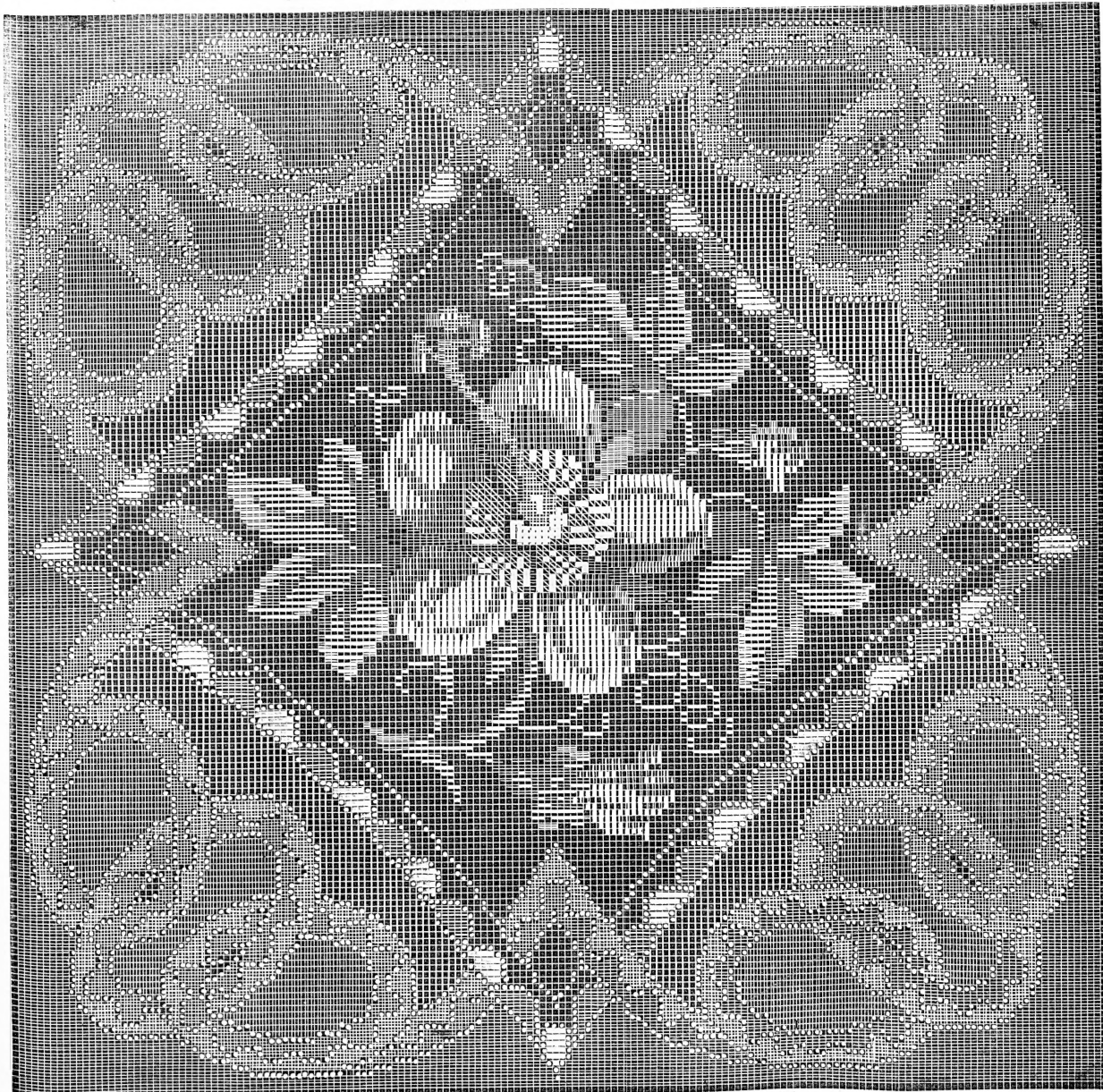
Lower-skirts of suits made by Worth measure but three yards wide, have two full back breadths, and but one side gore, with a narrow front width. Other French costumes are three yards and a half wide with two side gores and one full back breadth. It is important to have the skirt of the same length all round, not drooping be-

with a scarf crossing the side and front, with hooks for looping long skirts, are shown for house dresses.

A single dress flounce with elaborate headings of puffs, ruches, or erect ruffles, is the trimming for silk skirts. If the silk is very heavy the flounce is straight and box-pleated at intervals, with bows of silk and satin between the pleats. The edges are turned up on the right side and piped with satin. Thinner silks are pinked or fringed, cut bias, and scantily gathered. The variations from these are two broad flounces, the edges trimmed with narrow ruffles, or else five or seven flounces an eighth wide, scant, and overlapping. Among so many furbelows and flounces it is pleasant to find handsome silk skirts trimmed only with clusters of bias folds, each fold two inches wide, lapping over the one beneath it, the top of the cluster finished by a double fold of satin. Fringes or lace, with a passementerie heading, or a narrow puff, trim upper-skirts, paletots, and casques of silk

ing, covered with white Bruges guipure lace (like Honiton) and fringe. A second silk suit of light and dark grey has a light under-skirt with two wide scant flounces edged with a darker ruffle. Long upper-skirt, tunic-shaped, resembling a court train with the front turned back and bunched up behind blanchisseuse fashion. Bows made of narrow silk strips of dark silk lined with the paler colour are on the tunic. Slashed paletot of pale grey trimmed with a bias fold and bows of darker hue. A third suit is a basque and upper-skirt of violet gros grain, the skirt to display a lighter violet under-skirt trimmed with broad flounces.

Pongees, foulards, poplins, and Persian cloth of creamy-buff and silvery-grey tints have darker bands, folds, and pipings of the material or of silk. Corded passementerie, tassel fringe, dark ruffles faced with a lighter shade, the facing showing at the edges, lengthwise folds of silk of two alternating shades, fan-like bows and



OTTOMAN IN BERLIN WOOL WORK.

hind. Arrange all the fullness at the back of the middle of the first gore and fasten the skirt behind. Use a crinoline facing three-eighths of a yard broad, with a narrow facing of the dress material below.

The habit, or casaque, for full figures is long and close-fitting, combining waist and upper-skirt in one garment. An objection to habit suits is that when the wrap is removed in the house there is left only a very plain dress without the indispensable over-skirt. The sleeve especially pretty for casques is the sabot, which is fast taking the place of coat-sleeves. This is the wide Oriental sleeve with the fullness between the wrist and elbow held in pleats, or gathered and caught by a bow, forming a broad frill over the hand. If coat-sleeves are used their stiffness is relieved by a ruffle at the elbow or two narrow pleatings lower down. Puffs and epaulets at the armhole are not worn. Many suits are without sashes, others have a fancy bow at the back of the belt. Long sashes

suits. Very little satin is used, and velvet with black silk is already too heavy-looking, though black velvet ribbon is seen on grisaille silks, pongees, &c.

SHADED SUITS.

On the Continent many handsome suits are composed of two or three shades of one colour. Among these skin-colour, blonde, or écarl buff shaded to dark brown, pearl-grey with darker blue-grey, fawn-colour and brown, and violet with a paler tint, are preferred. In an elegant suit of pout de soie the lower skirt is a pale blonde hue, with a wide flounce of dark brown silk in leaf scallops edged with a scant pink ruffle of the light blonde. Dark brown upper-skirt with apron front caught up behind to show wings of the lighter silk. Dark corsage with basque front, the side pieces lengthened and fastened by a bow behind. Heart-shaped neck and sabot sleeves. A vest is outlined by a ruffle of brown silk with light, scant head-

knots of silk with many long ends made double with one side dark, the other side light, feathery ruches of ravelled material of three shades, and ruffles in graduated tints, are tasteful trimmings for shaded suits.

GRISAILLE SUITS.

The next choice after tinted costumes are suits of grisaille silk in thread stripes of black and white. These are worn by elderly and young ladies, and by blondes and brunettes alike. The prettiest and yet simplest design has a wide Spanish flounce, scantily gathered, and trimmed near the edge with vandykes of black velvet ribbon with narrowest pointed edge of black lace on each side. A velvet band and lace heads the flounce. Upper-skirt with apron front caught up high on the sides and hanging low behind. Belted basque, longer behind, and slit open to the belt at the back. Pointed neck, with ruffle and velvet extending up the front and around the

neck. Sabot sleeves. Belt with fan bow behind. Pleatings of white muslin showing beneath pointed edges of flounces, black and white fringes, folds of white silk stitched over wider folds of black, narrow guipure lace on white silk bands, and mixed ruches are all used in silver-grey silks.

For substantial dresses of dark grey poplin and pongee three rows of black velvet ribbon straight around the skirt are preferred, and offer a pleasant relief from flounces. The upper parts of the suit have a single row of velvet and fringe. Now that puffs are again in favour, three puffs of black silk on grey or of dark brown on a lighter shade are used. The silk is straight, and simply gathered with a ruffled edge above and below.

Suits in contrasting colours, though not the speciality of the season, are still seen. For instance, a habit of French grey silk is draped over a violet skirt, a black habit over a blue one. The latter always commends itself on the score of economy, as a black over-dress may be worn with any colour.

LINEN COSTUMES.

Suits of écu linen lawn and that with a greenish-brown tint are the daintiest among the novelties, and are sometimes elaborately trimmed. One especially admired is of an olive-green shade, with a long casaque, to which a short basque is added behind and a folded fichu in front. The beautiful trimming is side pleatings, pointed and overwrought, disclosing pleatings of sheer white muslin beneath. The pleatings used on wash goods are not sewed tucks, but are folded and pressed flatly, and held only by stitching or a band at the top. Guipure lace of the exact buff, or even dark grey colour, is seen on French suits; and passementerie and Tom Thumb fringe are made of the precise tint and fabric of the linen dress. These are stylish, but not nearly so pretty as the white pleatings, or as white guipure embroidery laid beneath the edges of buff pleatings, or as narrowest white crocheted edgings on scantily gathered ruffles. Another trimming is groups of linen folds, cut bias and overlapping—a pretty fashion but not easily done.

There is nothing new in piqué suits except the trimmings. Flat pleatings of muslin, the edges simply hemmed, are shown on white and buff piqués; others have bands of embroidery stitched on, or else strips of the piqué are embroidered and laid in the centre of muslin pleatings. The simplest suits are trimmed with the piqué braids that wash so admirably.

HOUSE DRESSES.

Short basques with low pointed throat, coat-sleeves, and demi-train skirts are worn with dresses of foulard or summer silk, destined only for the house. The trimming, usually of pleatings with lace or fringe, outline the neck, the cuffs, and edges of the basque, leaving the shoulders untrimmed. Round corsages with heart-shaped necks are worn by slender ladies, the square neck and pointed waist by full round figures. Sabot sleeves are dressy for home wear. Upper-skirts, worn with demi-trains, are very short and bouffant. Rows of trimming on the side widths are used with apron-front upper skirts, on the front width with tunics.

Breakfast suits of white piqué or cambric are loose caimoles and half-long gored skirts, trimmed with fluted ruffles and black velvet ribbon beneath embroidered straps. Swiss dresses for afternoon wear have trains of fifty-five or sixty inches, and very short upper-skirts. Puffed waists, and sleeves puffed to the elbow and ruffled. Wide pleated frill at the neck, and box-pleated ruffles for trimming. Garibaldi waists laid in successive melon folds are shown for thin figures, and also basques with box-pleated fronts held in full at the shoulder and by the belt.

PARIS FASHION JOTTINGS.

By MADAME ELIANE DE MARST.

Among the prettiest toilettes at the recent concerts we may cite that of Madame Chevaudier de Valdrôme, the wife of the Minister of the Interior, who wore a train of green tulle, very much puffed, with the puffs separated by folds of green satin. Over the train was a tunic of green satin with a double pouf; this tunic was edged by beautiful lace, and looped by clusters of Parma violets. Her coiffure was composed of clusters of violets, alternating with diamond flowers. The effect was extremely stylish.

Several great ladies appeared, like the Empress, in dresses wrought in the magnificent silk looms of Lyons, which are again in favour. The Louis XV. style is partially abandoned, and the spreading branches and large flowers of the times of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. are preferred. Generally the foliage is white, on a dark ground. Green and ruby are more in vogue than the other colours.

Of all the ladies at Count Stackelberg's dinner, M^{me}. Emile Olivier attracted the most attention. She is the youthful lioness of the season. She wore a pale blue dress, with the corsage cut square, and trimmed with light tufted moss-fringe. It is well known that she never appears décolletée. Her coiffure was composed of a cluster of white and pink acacias, which were set on the side of the head, and fell low on the chignon of beautiful blonde curls.

Mrs. Washburne, the wife of the United States Minister, was dressed in a black velvet trimmed with lace. She is extremely petite, delicate, and very graceful.

The Prince Imperial, who has just attained his majority, is present now at the dinners and concerts. Here is a description of the toilette worn by the Empress at a birthday fête. A dress of pink and white striped satin, edged with two rows of black lace, with the straight sides sewed together, and of pink ruche of pink satin through the middle. Skirt of pink ruche of pink satin through the middle. The young Prince is a graceful rather than handsome lad, although he resembles his mother. His face is still childish-like his character, which is open and frankish. He is called, indeed, a mischievous boy. His eyes are blue, like those of the Emperor, and he also has his father's smile. The little Prince has plenty of French wit—that is, the spirit of repartee. The other day he made a rejoinder to his

mother, which has been very much talked but not written about. The reign of François I. being under discussion, the young Prince declared that he ought not to have delivered up his sword at the battle of Pavia. "What have you to say about it?" asked the Empress. "How can a child like you know what a man ought to have done in such a serious position?" The Prince continued to maintain his ground, and, as his mother smiled at his childish persistence, he exclaimed, with great warmth, "But do you see, mamma, we cannot look at this question from the same stand-point." "Why not?" asked his mother. "Because you are a Spaniard and I am a Frenchman." The Emperor smiled, the Empress bit her lip, and the guests were struck with this unexpected repartee, which indicated that the young Prince possessed a keen sense of his nationality.

We dined a few days since in company with Prince Napoleon, at the house of M^{me}. Ducos, the widow of the most celebrated Minister of the Marine during the reign of Napoleon III., and were greatly interested by the conversation of the Prince, whose political ideas are extremely liberal. There were many elegant women present at the dinner. Among others Princess Yansoupp, who was once one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe, and is still one of the richest. The Princess wore a dress of black velvet, trimmed with magnificent old English point, and a parure of turquoises of immense size set with diamonds. She also wore turquoises in her hair.

NOVELTIES FOR LADIES.

THE NEW CORSET, DRESS IMPROVER, ETC.

What wonderful progress must have taken place in the manufacture since the first pair of "stays" was worn! We suspect, however, that the last fifty years have witnessed greater improvements than any five hundred years of previous ages; but then we move more rapidly now-a-days in all things than did the ancients. When were stays first worn? The first mention of them is by Bishop of Cyprien, on the Greek Coast of Africa, about 400 years after the Christian era. He tells us how when he was shipwrecked on a remote part of the coast, and he and the rest of the passengers were starving on coconuts and limpets, there was among them a slave-girl out of the far East, who had a pinched wasp waist, such as may be seen on the old Hindoo sculptures. And when the Greek ladies of the highborns, who followed him to her from home to house, to behold with astonishment and laughter this new and prodigious waist, with which it seemed to them it was impossible for a human being to breathe or live; and they petted the poor girl and fed her, as they might a dwarf or a giantess, till she got quite fat and comfortable, while her owners starved enough to eat. Gradually, however, all this was changed, till we find that during the reign of Queen Catherine de Medicis, a thick waist was held to be a positive abomination, and she herself, it is said, invented or introduced the extremely severe and powerful form of the corset known as the *corps*. It was made of steel and has been described as being hardened and stiffened in every imaginable way, making the wearers look as if they were imprisoned in closely-fitting mail; and indeed they were. These corsets were made in pieces, opened longitudinally by hinges, and were secured when closed by a sort of *harp and pin*, much like an ordinary box fastening. At both the front and back of the corsage a long rod or bar of steel projected in a curved direction downwards, and on these bars mainly depended the adjustment of the long peaked body of the dress, and the set of the skirt behind. We can afford now to smile at this extraneous, but really they are only one step less ridiculous than the extremely uncomfortable, ill-fitting corsets of our grandmothers.

Happily, all this is now entirely changed. A more correct taste has demanded that the same skill and common sense should be brought to bear on the production of corsets as on other articles of a lady's toilette, and the result has been many elegant introductions of late years, corsets chaste in appearance, durable in wear, and delicately finished and perfumed, until one has been almost led to wonder where ingenuity would stop, and really it would seem scarcely yet to have reached the culminating point. Mr. Stephen Dixon (the inventor of an eider-down corset that has met with much favour) has just introduced to the trade a patent skirt, corset, and dress improver that, despite their alarming foreign-sounding name, "the Phallos," seem to have much to recommend them besides their name, and are, in novelty, over those in general use, and promise, therefore, judiciously brought before the notice of ladies, to become popular. In the absence of anything better, steel and bone, and even wood, have been the articles mostly employed in the manufacture of corsets, while for crinolines all kinds of materials have been brought into requisition, and not always with very pleasant results to the wearers. By this means to obviate all the disadvantages of the old corsets and crinolines, their stiffness and absence of comfort, while retaining all their advantages, and even greatly adding to them. From the specimens submitted to our notice, we can report very favourably of the invention. For corsets the cork is more yielding than bone or steel, readily adapting itself to the figure, less likely to break than those materials, while equally supporting, and owing to its warmth, cleanliness, and other sanitary properties, especially suitable for invalids. It is, perhaps, also worthy of consideration, by those partial to boating and yachting, that a lady wearing such a corset, especially when supplemented by a dress improver of the same material, would, in accidently capsizing, find that she possessed a tolerably efficient life-buoy. For skirts the cork has many very special advantages—it is light, yielding, durable. How much compressed, as in crowded omnibuses, cabs, &c., it readily resumes, when released from the pressure, its original form, and it is almost, if not quite, impossible to break it. These are the main points that occurred to us on our inspection, but in a few weeks we hope to receive the report of their actual wear, from a lady whom we have deputed to test them practically.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to apply than starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used.

ROSSETT'S HAIR RESTORER is the only preparation which can be confidently relied upon for restoring grey hair to its original colour. It assists nature in supplying the colouring properties which may have become deficient through age or disease. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.



ON Wednesday last week, the Bill to legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister was carried through Committee, by a large majority. The question is one that has necessarily more than ordinary interest for ladies, and as it must eventually— and, perhaps, at no distant date—be settled one way or the other (and which way it is not very difficult to foresee), by the force of public opinion outside the House, rather than by the cleverness of any particular speaker, or group of speakers, we will lay before our readers the views of the leading daily papers on the subject. From time to time in our own columns—as in "Our Ladies' Parliament"—the matter has been fully treated of, both sides being fairly represented.

The Times says:

As Mr. Gladstone gave it the support of his authority, its present success is not a matter for surprise; yet we venture to think the proposal has never been presented in a more unsatisfactory form, nor has the weight of argument in the debate ever been more decidedly against it. It almost all admit the disadvantage of unsettling the existing marriage laws, except under the most urgent necessity. But, if they are unsettled, it is of the utmost importance that they should be settled again on a broad and distinct basis. What, then, is to be said of a Bill which not only makes a special exception in a consistent code of laws without laying down any principle in justification, but further leaves this exception only half sanctioned, and proposes to set up in the country varying standards of opinion respecting the degrees within which marriage may be contracted? If the Bill passes in its present form, our marriage code will at once be rendered inconsistent, and the law of the land will be placed in flagrant opposition to the law and the opinion of the most powerful religious communities in the country.

The Bill now proposes to legalise marriages with a deceased wife's sister wherever contracted in the past, and hereafter when "celebrated or contracted in a registrar's office." In other words, the Bill evades giving to these marriages the religious sanction granted to all other legal marriages. It simply provides that if civilly contracted, they may be valid for civil purposes. We are somewhat surprised that the apparently sensible persons who have leaves this exception in marriages should be content with this backhanded recognition of them. The Bill would sanction them as an inferior class of marriages. It would not remove the religious disabilities under which they now lie, nor would it tend to modify the religious opinion which is adverse to them. On the contrary, by raising a direct conflict between the civil law on one side and the chief authorities on the other, it would tend to intensify and embitter such opinion.

The *Pall-mall Gazette* takes a nearly similar view of the subject, but carries its objections a trifle further by urging that

The proposed alteration in regard to deceased wives' sisters carries naturally in its train another in regard to deceased husbands' brothers, and, if the analogy of other countries holds good, we may expect similar questions to crop out as to aunts and nephews, uncles and nieces, and so on. It is impossible to deny the grave and in many conceivable instances unhappy consequences to family life of revolutionising the delicate relations which now exist between brothers and sisters-in-law.

The Standard remarks:—

What is the balance of good and evil in the proposed change? The limits of prohibition have been fixed for the purpose of protecting and defending the constitution of the family. Make these marriages legal and every unmarried sister becomes a possible wife. Thus her status in the wife's family is wholly destroyed, and, as Sir Ronnell Palmer says, "You remove the sister out of a hundred homes in order to introduce a wife into one." Moreover, she can no longer discharge the functions of an aunt in the widower's family. The licence accorded to the few is fatal to the privileges and the usefulness of the many. The wife's sister can no longer be her husband's sister also, and the happy tie which gives her an assured place in the home of her brother-in-law will no longer exist. It is one of the marvels of underhand agitation that a Bill so utterly unpalatable to public sentiment, and so thoroughly calculated to destroy the peace of families, should have obtained so large a measure of support. We are convinced that the intelligent sentiment of the country would cordially uphold the Lords in rejecting it, and we trust that they will not hesitate to deal with it upon its merits.

This, if we add the *Saturday Review*, which condemns the Bill absolutely, and in no very measured terms, represents the principal opposition to the measure in the public daily and weekly press. Then, on the other side, we have arraigned the whole of the Liberal papers, actually headed, too, by a journal usually considered to be a very different complexion, the *Morning Post*. This paper remarks:—

Mr. Gladstone placed the issue in its true light when he said that the main danger had come when those who entertained objections to such marriages as those which the Bill proposes to legalise were bound to waive them in consideration for the wishes of the majority. Mr. Gladstone was the opponent of the Bill when it formerly came under the notice of Parliament, and his objections to it, considered on its intrinsic merits, probably continue unchanged. But as a practical statesman he knows that when a minority gradually but surely grows into a majority, and increases in power and in numbers every day, it is idle to attempt to throw obstacles in its path. There is nothing after all very shocking in the notion of a man marrying his wife's sister, and the circumstances must constantly arise under which, in the interests of his children, such a marriage would be the very best he could make. Those, however, who entertain a different opinion may console themselves with the reflection that should this Bill become law, probably not one man in ten thousand will avail himself of it. As to its supposed beneficial effects, socially we believe they are entirely imaginary. The mere fact that their husbands might eventually marry their sisters-in-law would induce few to regard their sisters with apprehensive jealousy, or exclude them from the family circle. The fact is that few men who feel strongly inclined to wed the sisters of their former wives are deterred from doing so by the existing law. An Act of Parliament may declare such marriages void, but their friends and the public take a different view of the matter. No law

that was not endorsed by public opinion ever yet served any useful purpose. The time has come when public opinion has pronounced itself in law in question, and no more cogent argument is needed to demonstrate the necessity for its abrogation.

The *Telegraph* settles the matter in its usual mock-heroic, all-sufficient, off-hand way:—

Sir Roundell Palmer objects to any change of the marriage law which cannot be defended on some principle comprehensive enough to include every forbidden or permitted degree of kindred. On the same ground he might stop three-fourths of the Bills that come before Parliament. The Irish Church Bill was not based on a comprehensive principle, for it did not apply either to England or to Scotland; nor is the Irish Land Bill, for it is equally limited in scope. The all-sufficient fact is that a number of persons complain of a restriction on marriage for which nothing can be said on the ground of reason or morality, and they add, unjustly sovereign in justice. They demand freedom; and are we to say that we shall not comply with the prayer until we have seen whether another set of persons complain of other grievances? That is not the English method of granting redress. Our plan is to clear away the evil that lies next to our hand, and deal with any similar evils when they are forced on our notice.

The *Daily News* says:—

The law as it stands is an oppressive burden put by the few on the backs of the many; a relic of religious ascendency and intolerance out of place in these times. It is needless to say that with the law itself its disqualifications must cease, and the brands it has inflicted must be removed. Sir Roundell Palmer pleaded hard in 1835 and the date of the repeal of the law the brand of illegitimacy; but his usually clear and tolerant mind must have been twisted in the heat of debate, or he would surely have seen the bigotry and cruelty of such a proposal. The law must not only be swept away, but all traces of it must be obliterated. Sir Roundell, in 1835, only passed the law in haste under pressure, and has ever since repented at leisure and tried to retrace its steps, owes this complete reparation to itself as well as to those whom the law has stricken with illegitimacy. By carrying out this reform it will simply put our marriage law on the basis of that of all other civilised peoples and strike one more relic of ancient superstition out of the statute-book.

Our readers will be able to judge pretty accurately and readily from this of the present state of public opinion on the subject.

Correspondence.

[We invite discussion on all subjects of interest to ladies, and it must be distinctly understood therefore, that by giving insertion to the letters of correspondents, we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.—Ed. L.O.P.]

WOMEN WHO WORK.

To the Editor of the LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Dear Editor,—We are poor and proud. I have been to school, and have graduated. I must work. What shall I do? When there is but one voice that young ladies of "respectable" families follow, a decision is soon made. I must teach. Do I want to work? Yes and no. Do I wish to receive wages for my work? Most emphatically, and a thousand times yes. If I labour why should I not receive wages, pray? Is it more honorable to work and get nothing in return? I trow not. I have no such pride. I have known young ladies who cared nothing for the money that teaching brought—not they. I never taught with any such exalted motives. I would say to that high-minded sisterhood, who teach for experience alone, step aside and give a humbler one who must work for pay, pitiable though it be, a chance.

It was verily a trial to me to begin to teach; and for a long time after finishing school, when the question was asked me which is invariably asked every graduate, "What are you going to do now you are out of school? are you going to teach?" &c., I would affect aristocratic airs, and say, "I do not expect to teach yet, at any rate," when all the time I had applied for a situation in one of our public schools, hoping for, and still dreading the time when there would be a vacancy for me to fill.

But is it really necessary for me to work? I might stay at home in genteel idleness, and, by dint of much turning of old dresses, live on the hard earnings of my noble brother; but when Jane Wallace, a strong and healthy maiden, is guilty of such high indecency, may she thoroughly despise herself.

Yes, there is a certain respect I have for myself when I labour, that is worth far more to me than even my scanty wages. The bread I put in my mouth is sweeter, the clothes I wear look handsomer, when I glance in the mirror I quite admire myself, and my dear homely hands, how I love them!

What did the little stiff bow say that the Misses Pussington gave me when we met of a morning; that they in their carriage for an early drive, I bending my brisk footsteps schoolward? It said this: *We are now bowing to you; be thankful for it.*

Blanche Brit, with whom I was so intimate in innocent school girl days, did not bid her old friend to her wedding last week. The *little* were there, not the *working* women.

There are a few, a very few employments at which I might earn more money than at teaching. At the back of our dwelling is a glove factory, where a score of young girls sew from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same for a few shillings a-day. But these girls are the ambitious daughters of blacksmiths and hod-carriers, whose aunts have been known to go out washing, and whose sisters are milliners and hair-dressers. Here, my independence languishes. Here I work with these. Never! Is not teaching a more honourable calling? Nay, verily, is not teaching a more congenial occupation? Here, however, I will acknowledge that long before half-past three I often feel that there are more pleasant tasks in life than teaching the sixty scrubby, uncertain-looking infants there A B C's. But the factory business is not to be thought of under any circumstances.

There is another reason, though I am happy in saying that I blush to acknowledge it. Who ever heard of first-class young men associating with girls of this sort, be they ever so worthy. Worthy? What an idea! Worth is entirely out of date. Men, even the best of them, though they are more independent of action and pretend to greater democracy of feeling than women, are woefully trammelled darlings, should fold prejudices that women are dependent on their hands, and their hands, &c., &c. But do I not despise such consummate folly, such high injustice? And yet, what can I, one poor

girl, do against public opinion? I resolve again and again that I will fight against it. But oh, independence! thou dost sometimes take wings and fly away, and I go drifting with the crowd.

I know that I, myself, am sadly stained with this contemptible pride.

At one time I say I honour a woman who works; at another time, when I hear one of the species spoken of, I join with the multitude and class her with the low and unrespectable, *because* she works. I have not strength of purpose enough, at all times and under all circumstances, to stand up and bravely assert what, in my inmost soul, I believe. This is the case with the majority of women. All honour to the rare few who have dared to brave that monstrosity to all women, public opinion.

Oh! that the ranks were fuller. Woman can never hope to be raised to her proper height, to have justice done here, while the majority of them, like myself, are afraid, nay, ashamed to be classed with those who earn their livelihood by honest toil.

JANE WALLACE.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

PUDDINGS FOR MAY.

"Our appetites at this season," cheerily remarks the author of "Everybody's Pudding Book," "appear to increase with the brightening days, and since game no longer plays its important part at our entertainments, we are more than ever inclined to console ourselves with the sweet solace of pastry." At the same time she is obliged to admit that we no longer willingly content ourselves with the winter fare that dried fruits helped us to furnish, but, with the avidity of birds, leap contributions upon our currant, gooseberry, apricot, and also upon our cherry trees, justifying our liking for "green pudding," with the excuse that the after-fruit comes all the finer from early judicious thinning. The following are some of the puddings, &c., that, with others we have given in previous volumes, may be recommended for May:—

RHUBARB TART.—Forced rhubarb has much less flavour than that grown in the usual way. In preparing rhubarb for tarts, at least when young, it is not necessary to remove the outer portion of the stalk. The best way is more than ever inclined to peel the stalk, then cut it into pieces of at least an inch long. Half fill the dish, then sweeten with powdered sugar, and then fill up, adding more sugar and a little finely-shred lemon peel. The addition of a couple of tablespoonfuls of strawberry jam imparts to the tart a pine-apple flavour, which many persons prefer. When a rhubarb pudding is brought to table, serve with butter and sugar.

LEMON PUDDING, BAKED.—Take four ounces of butter, melt and pour it on the same weight of pounded loaf-sugar, add the juice of a large lemon, the rind grated, and the yolks of six eggs; mix all well together, line a dish with puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake half-an-hour.

CONSERVATIVE PUDDING (Very Choice).—Soak two ounces of macaroons, ratafia, and sponge-cakes in half-a-pint of cream, then beat them well, and add to them the whisked yolks of eight eggs and a tablespoonful of brandy. Butter a deep mould, arranging in it some sultana raisins or dried cherries; pour in the pudding, cover it with a cloth, lay in a stepan containing a little boiling water, and simmer it for an hour and forty minutes. Be careful that the water does not reach the pudding. When done, turn it into a dish and serve with brandy sauce.

TANSY FRITTERS.—Grate the crumb of a penny roll and pour upon it a pint of boiling milk; when cold, add a large spoonful of brandy, the grated rind of half a lemon, sugar to taste, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and just enough spinach and tansy juice to tinge it green. Mix this over the fire in a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of butter till pretty thick; let it stand for two hours, and then drop a spoonful at a time into boiling fritter. When the fritters are done, serve with spiced sugar apart.

A PARCEL OF AMERICAN RECEIPTS.

GEMS.—Break into a quart of milk four eggs (two will answer) without beating, stir in flour till as thick as waffles. Beat the latter till smooth, and fill the "gem" pans half-full. Bake quick in a hot oven. No salt, soda, or cream of tartar. The "gem" pans should be well buttered and set into the oven to get quite hot while the batter is being prepared, and when you are filling them, set the pan on the top of the range to keep it hot. When filled, set immediately in the oven.

GEMS No. 2.—Drop four eggs, without beating, into a quart of milk; add two great spoonfuls of melted butter, and beat in flour until as thick as waffles. Pour into hot buttered "gem" pans, and bake like the first.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Drop one egg into a quart of milk or water. Stir in graham flour until as stiff as waffles. Pour into hot, buttered "gem" pans, and bake quickly; or add to the above one tablespoonful melted butter. They will be tender.

CORN MEAL WAFFLES.—Pour on to one pint of corn meal, twice sifted, one pint of boiling milk. Put in one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, and a teaspoonful of salt. Let this new mixture stand till cold; then add half-a-teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, the whites whisked very light and stiff, to be added the last thing, when just ready to bake.

Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers.

By MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

No. II.—"I WONDER WHAT NEXT!"

"I HAVE been hard at work all day; upstairs and down; from the cellar to the attic; looking into every nook and corner, and 'putting things to rights' generally. Oh dear! I wonder what next those grim old housekeepers would expect me to take hold of. I have everything in good running order, as far as I can see, and now how I would like to take a book and curl up somewhere, out of sight and hearing, and have one of the old-fashioned, good times I used to have before I was married. 'Well, don't care, I mean to have it, anyhow, and just let things go on without my watching, for awhile. Nora can manage to keep the house in order somehow, now I have everything in its right place, I am sure.'"

Ah! but my dear little woman, if you do not give daily attention to your household affairs, in a few days, under Nora's rule, you will find the machinery all out of order, and be compelled again to go over the same ground, and weary you now completely. "Why, then, am I to do? From this time on, is my life to be a perpetual drudgery?"

No; not if you are wise. Be patient. It is a new thing to you now. Care does not sit lightly on young shoulders; but

time and a reasonable amount of patience will soon make the "crooked ways straight, and the rough places smooth." A few weeks of extra time and thought, at the beginning of your new life, will teach you how to work methodically. Until this lesson is fixed in your mind, it will be an "uphill work," and persevere. Have a regular plan for each day's work; every step will be easier and more natural.

There is nothing like method and regularity to lighten labour. We have so many poor, discouraged, repining housekeepers, chiefly because they were not taught from the beginning to work methodically. Let this once become a fixed habit, and almost everyone can find leisure for reading and recreation, certainly if in a position where they can delegate the hardest, roughest labour, under suitable supervision, to a servant.

Secure a few moments every evening, to think over, and arrange for, the necessary labour of the morrow. Bring before your mind just what ought to be done, and fix the mode and time for doing it, distinctly. While dressing the next morning, review your plan, that all through the day it may be like a map, spread out before your eyes. Of course, many things may occur that no foresight could provide for—sickness, unexpected company, or interruptions, past your control; but nothing that can wholly derange a well-digested plan for every day's duties.

Try this mode of working resolutely for a few months, and labour, or oversight of labour, will become so nearly a "second nature" that you will arrange, or perform, almost instinctively, or with pleasure, that which now seems a heavy burden, grievous to be borne.

III.—GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Many people are tempted to lay aside, in the attic, a quantity of useless articles, or cast-off clothing, from a vague, economical idea that, perhaps, they may find a use for them—some time.

We knew a careful father who, if he saw one of the family about to throw away anything, would always say, "Oh, no—I wouldn't destroy it. It may be good for something some day. Just toss it into the waste-closet, up here." A low, dark closet under the roof, with a crescent cut in the door, through which dim rays of light occasionally penetrated; where naughty children were sometimes put for punishment; but who found so much hidden treasure for their "good-for-somethings" while in "durance vile," that they were in no haste for release. This closet was known among the children as "*father's good-for-something closet*." The only good things they ever knew come out of it, however, were rich themes of loving railleury at the father's expense, when the good mother was compelled to overlook the accumulation of weeks and have a "clearing-up" time.

We do not like this habit of articles once thus packed away are seldom used, except as shelter for rats, mice, and moths. To "look over," dust, and repack a quantity of useless rubbish time and again, is a sad consumer of time and patience.

When there are so many poor people needing assistance, it is wiser and better to give to them those things which you see no way of using, or if not even worth giving to the poor, it is certainly better to destroy them for ever.

EVA.

O H slumber, my little one,
Sleep on, my pretty one:
Smiles—dream-awakened—are tokens of bliss!
Delight never ceasing,
But hourly increasing—
What earthly enjoyment is so equal to this,
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, to fondle and kiss!

With winter winds blowing,
And winter clouds snowing,
There came to my arms a wee innocent dove;
My fever subduing,
My rapture renewing,
The child of my grief is a well-spring of love.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, my joy from above!

Her mouth's dewy rose
Sweetest odours disclose;
Her cheek is the apple-bloom, pinky and fair;
Her bonnie blue eyes
Are shreds flitted from the skies,
And dusky as night is her wavy brown hair.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, my pride and my care!

What clasping and clutching—
Though aimless, how touching!
What fairy in whispering swells her young breast?
Come close to my bosom,
My blessing, my blossom;
Here, here's your home, darling, your refuge and rest.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, this is your nest!

The trees gently waving,
The lapping tide laving,
The steamtrain from Clara as glancing it ran,
Had tongues to them given
Like music from heaven,
Repeating rejoicings awoke at Drishane.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, bright star of Drishane!

Unbounded in measure,
Sure Nature her treasure
Exhausted in moulding this baby of mine!
Ye spirits of goodness
Defend her from rudeness!
Surround her, protect her, ye angels divine!
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
On thee may the Sun of all blessedness shine!

ANON.

HOLBOURN VALLEY VIADUCT being now opened, attention is directed to the increased facilities of approach to the Establishment of Z. SIMPSON and Co., Nos. 45 and 46, late 48, 49, 50 and 53, Farringdon-street, City—within three minutes of the Farringdon-station and Ludgate stations. Z. Simpson and Co. invite particular attention to their large and well-assorted stock of Silks, Dresses, Mantles, Family Drapery and Fancy Goods, purchased in the most favourable British and Foreign Markets, and marked at the lowest possible prices.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope, well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.



Court and Fashionable Notes.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN drove out at Osborne on Tuesday afternoon last week, accompanied by Princess Louise and Mdme. Van de Weyer; and Her Majesty walked and drove on the Wednesday morning with Princess Louise. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out.

In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Mr. and Mdme. Van de Weyer and Lady Waterpark; and Her Majesty walked out on Thursday morning with Princess Beatrice. Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

Lady Elizabeth de Ros had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on the Wednesday.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise and Mdme. Van de Weyer, drove out on Thursday afternoon; and Her Majesty walked and drove on Friday morning with Princess Louise. Princess Beatrice also went out.

M., Madame, and the Misses Van de Weyer left Osborne. Viscountess Clifden and the Hon. Caroline Cavendish succeeded Lady Waterpark and the Hon. Flora Macdonald as Lady in Waiting and Maid of Honour in Waiting to Her Majesty.

On Friday afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out, attended by Viscountess Clifden. Colonel Ponsonby was in attendance upon horseback as Equerry in Waiting.

On Saturday morning Her Majesty walked in the grounds, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise walked out, attended by the Hon. Eva Macdonald. In the afternoon, the Queen and Princess Louise drove out, attended by the Hon. Caroline Cavendish.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

On Sunday morning Her Majesty, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, with the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church. The Rev. G. Frothero and the Rev. J. Dalton officiated. The Rev. G. Frothero preached the sermon.

Sunday was the anniversary of the birth of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur.

On Monday morning the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Louise.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen left Osborne.

The Queen walked and drove on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise, and Her Majesty went out on Tuesday morning with her royal highness. Princess Louise walked out, attended by the Hon. Eva Macdonald.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princess Louise, and attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Major Grey, returned to Marlborough House on Wednesday last week from Sandringham.

On the Thursday the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey, rode out. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, and attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, General Sir William Knollys, and Major Grey, went to the private view of the exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House.

On Friday the Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Major Grey.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Saturday, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. The Prince of Wales, attended by the Marquis of Hamilton, General Sir William Knollys, and Major Grey, was present in the evening at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy at Burlington House.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Major Grey in waiting, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service was performed by the Rev. the Subdean and the Rev. I. V. Povah. Anthem, "Be thou faithful unto death" (Mendelssohn), sung by Mr. Gedde. Mr. Cooper presided at the organ. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Francis Gardiner (Subdean of the Chapels Royal) from 2 Corinthians v. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

On Monday the Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. The Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale.

Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale has succeeded Major Grey as Equerry in Waiting to the Prince of Wales.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Tuesday, attended by the Countess of Morton. The Countess of Morton has succeeded the Hon. Mrs. Stonor as Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales.

The Queen has awarded a donation of 50*l.* towards the building fund for the erection of a new wing to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria-park.

The ladies of Bath intend this month to present to the Princess of Wales an escritoire, which was originally intended as a wedding present.

PRESENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A large "joss" or idol, has been sent home from China by Admiral Keppel, as a present for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and has arrived at Sandringham. The figure weighs about 30 cwt., being made of metal. It is not of great height, but of massive proportions. The ornamentation is elaborate, and the whole details of the figure are distinguished by painstaking minuteness.

The Queen has addressed an autograph letter to the Countess de Grey expressive of Her Majesty's sympathy with the sad affliction sustained by the Countess in the assassination of her brother, Mr. Vyner.

ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein was safely delivered of a princess at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening at Frognore.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The freedom of the royal borough of Stirling has been conferred with great ceremony upon Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. This honorary distinction has been conferred on only four persons since 1819: Leopold, second King of the Belgians; Earl Russell, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Stirling, of Kippendavie.

The Duchess of Sutherland is issuing invitations to a distinguished circle to attend a meeting at Stafford House on Thursday, May 12, to further the objects of the Gentle-

women's Self-help Institute. The Earl of Shaftesbury, Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., and other distinguished philanthropists, have kindly consented to address the meeting on the occasion.

Viscountess Boyne has died at her residence in Belgrave-square. Her ladyship had been suffering from illness for some time, but on Sunday morning last the symptoms became alarming, and subsequently no hopes were given of her recovery. The late Viscountess Boyne was daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthew Russell, of Brancepeth Castle, Durham, and on her succeeding to that property on the death of her brother, in 1850, she assumed by royal licence the name of Russell in addition to that of Hamilton. Her ladyship married, September 9, 1828, Viscount Boyne, and leaves sole issue by his lordship, who survives her, the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, born 1830, and married, in 1858, Lady Katherine Frances, daughter of the second Earl of Eldon.

Lord and Lady Alice Kenlis have arrived in town at 35, Dover-street, for the season.

The Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke arrived in Hill-street on Saturday from Plas-Newydd, Isle of Anglesea, for the season.

Elizabeth Lady Dashwood has arrived at her residence in Grosvenor-square for the season.

The Right Hon. Henry Corry, M.P., and Miss Corry have arrived at their house in Chester-square for the season.

Colonel Nassau Lees, who proceeded to India for the purpose of accompanying his Highness the Rajah of Kuppotaalla, G.C.S.I., to England, has returned home, his highness having died of abscess of the liver at Aden.

Mr. and Lady Victoria Hope Scott have arrived in town for the season.

The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Russell have arrived at the Baroness de Clifford's residence, on Carlton House-terrace, for the season.

The Hon. Mrs. Grey, widow of the late General Grey, and family, leave the Norman Tower, Windsor Castle, for St. James's Palace, where a residence has been assigned by Her Majesty to the bereaved widow of the Queen's late private secretary. Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby will occupy the Norman Tower, Windsor Castle.

The Earl and Countess Manvers have arrived in town from Thorsby-park, Notts, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Mountcharles have arrived in town from Godinton-park, Ashford, Kent, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Cragston have arrived in town for the season.

Viscount and Viscountess Newport have arrived at their residence in Chesham-place from Weston-park, Shifnal, Salop, for the season.

Lord and Lady Cairns have arrived in town from Paris, after passing the winter at Mentone.

Lord and Lady Chesham and the Hon. Misses Cavendish have arrived in town for the season from Latimers, Bucks.

The Earl of Derby arrived at his residence in St. James's-square on Wednesday from Knowsley, for the season.

The Countess (Dowager) Brownlow has been suffering from serious illness. Her ladyship is now better.

The Countess (Frances) Waldegrave will have an evening party on the 14th of the ensuing month, at her ladyship's residence in Carlton-gardens.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster and family have arrived in town from passing the winter in the South of France.

Colonel the Right Hon. W. F. and Lady Louisa Tighe have arrived at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde-park, from Inistioge, Ireland, for the season.

The Hon. Mrs. Yarnall Buller's first ball will take place on Tuesday, the 17th of May, at 10, in Gay-place.

The Earl and Countess of Dunraven have arrived at Buckingham-gate for the season.

Lord and Lady Suffield, who have been yachting in the East for several months, were to arrive in the course of this week at Naples, on their way home.

Lady Manners's ball is fixed for May 17, at 19 Stratford-place.

Lady Baker's *soirées dansantes* will take place on Monday, the 9th, and Friday the 13th inst.

Sir Rainald and Lady Knightley have arrived at their residence, Upper Brook-street, for the season.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Huntley have arrived at their residence in Upper Grosvenor-street, for the season.

The Earl and Countess Stanhope have arrived in town from Chevening, near Sevenoaks, for the season.

The Marquis of Kildare, eldest son of the Duke of Leinster, is gazetted a baron of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Kildare of Kildare.

The Countess Cowper and family will occupy Brocket Hall, Herts, for a few weeks.

FORWARDING FASHIONABLE EVENTS.—May 9. By special desire.—Fourth Anniversary Concert, St. James's Hall.

Conductor, Mr. W. G. Gusins; pianists, Madame Auguste-Kolar; vocalist, Mdme. Ilma de Murska, &c.—10. Her Majesty's Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Benson's first dancing party, 10, Hill-street.—11. Hon. Lady Nugent's second dance. The Hon. Mrs. Whyte-Melville's ball.

Mrs. Gladstone's assembly. Mr. Henry Leslie's first concert. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a miscellaneous selection of secular and operatic music. Artists: Mdme. Christine Nilsson, Madame Monelli, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Foli, Mr. Santley, and Madame Arabella Goddard; to commence at half-past two.—12. Lady Abdy's first ball. Mrs. Herbert's dance.—14.

The Duchess of Marlborough's second evening party. Frances Countess Waldegrave's assembly. Lady Colburn's *soirée dansante*. Grand fancy fair in behalf of the Children's Hospital at the North-east-end of London, patronised by the Royal Family, and opened in person by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, at Cannon-street Hotel.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The Emperor and Empress of the French, with the Prince Imperial, before mass on Sunday signed the marriage contract of M. and Madame Maurice Richard. After Divine service their Majesties stood sponsors to the daughter of Marshal and Madame Bazaine. The Empress has just given a fresh proof of her courageous sympathy for the suffering poor by going to the workroom for young girls established under Her Majesty's patronage in the Maison de Picpus, and visiting the numerous patients attacked there with the small-pox.

The *Augsburg Gazette* announces that the King of Bavaria has addressed a telegram to the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, to thank them for their courteous reception given to his Ministers, M.M. de Bray and de Lutz, at Stuttgart.

The King of the Belgians, in company with the two young princesses, Louise Marie and Stephanie Clotilde, and a numerous suite, has left Brussels for the Chateau of Ardenne. His Majesty was to be back to witness the Brussels spring races on the 5th and 8th of May. The Queen of the Belgians has gone to Pesth, her native town, to pass some days with

her brother, the Archduke Joseph. On her return to Belgium her Majesty will join the King and the Royal Family in the Ardennes.

A letter from Rome in *Galignani* says: "I am sorry to be obliged to confirm the report of a serious quarrel between the ex-King and Queen of Naples. The Queen, who is again in a condition to excite interest, went off overland to her sister, the Empress of Austria, and the King has now followed by sea."

The death is announced of Prince Anatole San Donato de Demidoff, the husband of the Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jerome Buonaparte.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

A marriage is arranged to take place between Mr. James H. Gibson-Craig, eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir W. Gibson-Craig, Bart., of Riccarton, and Julia, daughter of Mr. Archibald Buchanan, Baskimming, Ayrshire.

A marriage is arranged to take place between the Rev. J. Studholme Brownrigg, rector of Moulsoe, near Newport Pagnel, eldest son of Major-General Brownrigg, C.B., and Mary, third daughter of the Rev. Charles Selby Lowndes, of North Cravley, Bucks.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. A. C. Lorraine Fuller, of The Rookery, near Dorking, and Lady Victoria Byng, third daughter of the Earl of Stafford.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Janet Sarah Moore, daughter of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, was proved in London, under 6,000*l.* personally. Her ladyship was born in 1814, and married, in 1842, the Rev. Edward Moore, M.A., rector of Fritton, Kent.

The will of the Right Hon. Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was proved in London, on the 11th ult., under 12,000*l.* personally, by her son, Mr. William Hans Sloane Stanley, the sole executor. Her will is dated in 1866. She leaves to each of her three daughters, Gertrude, Frederica, and Caroline, a legacy of 3,000*l.*; to her brother, Edward Chandler, 100*l.*; and to her five *sons*. She bequeaths to the Cripples' Home, Female Refuge, and Public Laundry, Marylebone-road, a legacy of 100*l.* for each of duty. Specific bequests are made to various members of her family and friends. The residue of her property she leaves to her son and executor.

The will of the Hon. Antonia Leslie Savile, relict of Frederick, third son of the third Earl of Mexborough, was proved under a nominal sum.

The will of Mr. George Hounfield, of High Hazels, Hanworth, Yorkshire, was proved at Wakefield under 140,000*l.* personally. The executors and trustees are his relict, Mr. William Overend, Q.C., of Lincoln's-inn; and Mr. William Wake and Mr. John Newbould, both of Sheffield, solicitors. To each of the two last named he leaves a legacy of 500*l.*, and to Mr. Overend 1,000*l.* The will and first codicil bear date December, 1866, and the two other codicils 1867-8. The testator died February 11 last. His will takes a life interest in the rest of his property, real and personal, with the power of disposal over the same by deed or will; but in default he directs to whom it is to be given—namely, amongst his sisters and other relatives and friends. A sum of 21,000*l.* is, however, to be held in trust, which, after her decease, and in default of his wife exercising the power of disposition entrusted to her, he directs the trustees to pay the principal sum to the following public charitable institutions in Sheffield—viz., the St. Elizabeth Infirmary, 500*l.*; Sheffield Hospital and Dispensary, 100*l.*; the Boys and Girls' Charity Schools, Sheffield, each 200*l.*; and the residue thereof to twelve capital burgesses and commonalty of Sheffield, which body, he directs, are to bestow pensions of 30*l.* each annually to poor men and women over 50 years of age, the number of pensioners to be always kept up; and the testator allows a sum of 20*l.* to be expended by and on behalf of the charity trustees in an annual dinner.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Lever, the wife of Mr. Charles Lever, the well-known author, and Her Majesty's Consul at Trieste, where Mrs. Lever died on the 23rd ult.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, in correcting a report respecting a burglary at her residence, writes to an evening contemporary "to state that no burglary has been committed at her house, that mischance having occurred to the Hon. Mrs. James Norton, widow of a clergyman, the Rev. James Norton, a junior brother of the family."

"The Hon. Mrs. James Norton," continues the letter, "is a daughter of Mr. Lowndes, and inherited competence from that gentleman; but with respect to any advantage to be gained by a nocturnal visit to the house of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, she is anxious—not only for the reassurance of friends, but for the information of those gentlemen who get their living by these irregular adventures—to declare that the most moderate-minded burglar would be disappointed in the result." "The Hon. Mrs. Norton," continues the letter, "is a daughter of Mr. Lowndes, and inherited competence from that gentleman; but with respect to any advantage to be gained by a nocturnal visit to the house of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, she is anxious—not only for the reassurance of friends, but for the information of those gentlemen who get their living by these irregular adventures—to declare that the most moderate-minded burglar would be disappointed in the result." "The Hon. 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General News of the Week.

THE Bishop of Lincoln's daughter, having been going through a course of training to fit herself as a nurse for the sick poor, is now engaged in one of the London Hospitals.

A Miss Alice Conkey has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the N.W. Female College at Evanston, Illinois.

DESTRUCTION OF A PALACE.—A telegram from Alexandria announces that a new place at Rameh, near that city, which has just been constructed for the Khediv at a cost of about 200,000*l.*, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

The Inns of Court, or "Devil's Own," Ride Volunteers, will furnish a guard of honour of 100 men to her Royal Highness Princess Louise, at the ceremony of the opening of the new Inner Temple Hall on the 14th inst.

A sailor named John Singleton, in a drunken fit, attacked his mother-in-law with a razor on Monday last week, and dangerously wounded her. He was taken to Bridewell, and there committed suicide by hanging himself.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—In the House of Lords on Tuesday the Duke of Marlborough gave notice that on the motion for the second reading of the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he would move its rejection.

INVALID CARRIAGES.—We have been asked to say that an invalid carriage is kept at the University College Hospital for the conveyance of persons suffering from contagious diseases, and that it is always available on payment of cab hire, either by time or distance.

We hear that the captives in Greece drew lots as to which of them should be entrusted with the mission of negotiating in Athens the ransom of his fellow-prisoners. The lot fell to Mr. Vyner. To spare a wife the anguish of suspense, Mr. Vyner gallantly pressed upon Lord Manchester the acceptance of this duty.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN AMERICA.—A telegram from America announced last week that the floor of the Court of Appeals in the Capitol at Richmond fell through to the Hall of Delegates below. Forty persons, including a number of members of the Virginia Legislature, were reported as killed, and 150 others as injured.

DEATH IN CHURCH.—On Sunday, as the congregation of St. Luke's Church, West Holloway, was assembling for evening service, a gentleman named Fuller was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and died suddenly. The Rev. Richard Glover, the vicar, took his text Acts xx. 9-12, and preached a sermon on the lamentable event which had just taken place.

NEWMAN HALL ON MARS HILL.—A letter from Mr. Newman Hall was read to his congregation at Surrey Chapel on Sunday. It was a sermon on Athens, and reports Mr. Hall's restoration to perfect health. He had preached to an assembly of British residents and Greeks on Mars Hill, and proposes to resume his duties at home on the 15th inst.

A fatal colliery explosion took place on Saturday night at Cochrane Pit, near Merthyr, the property of the Dowlais Iron Company. One man was killed, and another so seriously injured that his life is despaired of. Fifteen horses were also killed, and the pit much damaged. Most of the men had left for the night, or the loss of life would probably have been greater.

FEMALE COMPOSITORS IN NEW YORK.—The *Woman's Advocate* estimates the number of women compositors in the printing-offices of New York City at over three hundred. In New York there is a Women's Typographical Union numbering fifty members, who maintain friendly relations with the Men's Typographical Union of the same city, and with the International Typographical Union of North America.

LOOK TO YOUR WEIGHT.—Forty-two South London tradesmen were summoned last week at Newington for being possessed of short weights and measures. They consisted of victuallers and beer retailers, and coal dealers, nine each; five chandlers; four each of grocers and greengrocers; and two each of oilmen, bakers, butchers, and cheesemongers; with one each of general dealers, fruiterers, and flour dealers. The total amount of fines was 52*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* One case only was dismissed.

A FEMALE REGISTRAR.—At Longdon, in Staffordshire, a lady lately applied for the office of Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; but, though there was a feeling in her favour, she did not get the post. One of the men opposed her on the ground that in the course of her duties she would be compelled to hear "bad language;" though we are not told why the Staffordshire folk should be especially coarse on those interesting and solemn occasions.

SMALL-POX INCIDENT ON THE BOULEVARDS.—At three o'clock one morning last week a young woman, under the excitement of small-pox fever, rushed wildly along the Boulevard des Bonnes-Nouvelles. One gentleman, seeing her, took her by the police, wrapped in blankets, and conveyed to the nearest station. The commissary on duty could elicit no information from her as to where she lived or who she was, except that her name was Louise. He sent her to the Hospital Lariboisiere.

AN ARTFUL STORY.—The story told some time ago, of a young woman at Fort Edward, America, who had become heiress to \$19,000,000 by the death of an English gentleman who had formerly bestowed his affections upon her, is now contradicted. It appears that the author of the story was a man named Gray, engaged in the dry-goods business, in Williamsburgh, and who, by figuring as a brother of the young woman, contrived to obtain various sums of money from those to whom he related his fiction.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—At the annual meeting of the Zoological Society of London it was reported that the Government had consented to allow the Society to re-enter into occupation of the slip of ground at the north side of the Regents Park Canal. This will be connected with the Zoological gardens by a bridge, and a new entrance-way will be opened in the Primrose-hill-road. It was incidentally stated that the cost of maintaining the splendid collection in the gardens amounted to 20,000*l.* a-year.

REMARKABLE SUPERSTITION IN DEVON.—An old man named Philip Burch, nearly eighty years of age, was on Friday charged before the Barnstaple borough magistrates with assaulting Mary Stephens. It appears that on the Thursday the defendant met the complainant in the market, and suddenly scratched her arm with a needle, causing it to bleed. On being questioned by her as to his conduct, he replied, "You have had power over me long enough, and now I will be revenged." The old man, in answer to the charge, told the Bench that he had been persuaded by more than a hundred persons that if he could "fetch" the blood of Mary Stephens he should be able to overcome her. He went on to state that he had suffered affliction through Mary Stephens for the last five

years, and had four complaints upon him at once; he had also lost fourteen canaries and about fifty goldfinches. He was fined 2*s.* 6*d.* and costs, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

ESCAPE OF NUNS.—The *Dublin Express* reports that one of the nuns of Mount-St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Strabane, Sister Catherine, has escaped from that establishment within the last fortnight, betaking herself from Londonderry, in fashionable habiliments, to parts unknown; and that another nun, a native of Strabane, daughter of one of the founders of that convent, got back to her father's roof, and, rather than return to the sacred precincts whence she came, has fled, betaking herself to New York by the United States steamer which sailed from Moville some days ago.

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.—In Lord Shaftesbury's absence Lord Houghton presided over a crowded meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society on Monday night. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell opened the discussion on "Medicine as a Profession for Women," and the debate was sustained by Mr. Queech, Miss Fitch, Mr. Widdell Wilson, and Miss Garrett, &c. Lord Houghton spoke with great indignation of Professor Laycock's speech at Edinburgh, and hoped for the credit of that University such a course would not be persevered in.

MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A GIRL.—On Friday night a girl of thirteen, named Lizzie Knight, living in Pye-street, Westminster, was out in the street with her brother, when a well-dressed man offered her a ride in a cab. She refused to enter the vehicle without her brother, and it was arranged that he also should go. After going a short distance the man let the boy out, and was about to be driven away with the girl, when she became aware of his intention, jumped out, and fell into the road. A crowd collected, the cab was driven away, and the girl was taken to the Westminster Hospital, where it was found that her thigh was fractured. She now lies in a dangerous condition.

A VILLAGE DESTROYED BY FIRE.—The village of Broadclyst, four miles from Exeter, has almost entirely been destroyed by a fire which broke out on Wednesday afternoon last week, and consumed no less than fifty-nine houses. Only eighteen houses remain in the village; most of the inhabitants are burnt out, and will have to find shelter as best they can. No provisions were to be found in the place. The property destroyed belonged to Sir Thomas Acland, whose son, Mr. Acland, M.P., with other gentlemen, was on the spot and used every effort to supply food and shelter to the sufferers. It is supposed that the conflagration was caused by sparks from the chimney of an inn which was on fire.

WOMEN ON JURIES.—At the Portsmouth Quarter Sessions, on Tuesday week, the *Law Times* remarks, some of the female burgesses were summoned upon the jury, in pursuance of the provision of the Municipal Corporation Act, which requires that "persons" upon the Burgess roll shall be empanelled to serve on juries at the quarter sessions for the borough. It was, however, decided by the Recorder, Mr. Justice Col, that, inasmuch as the Act of 1868, which admits women to the municipal franchise, declares that words importing the masculine gender shall be held to include the feminine gender, was expressly limited to the purposes of voting at municipal elections, female burgesses could not be required to serve on juries.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.—It appears that for some time past the police of Paris have had a clue to the plot, and that, acting on certain information, they on Friday morning last week arrested a person named Baure, a Frenchman, said to be about twenty-two years of age, who had recently come to France from this country. In his possession they found a letter sent to him from London, the writer of which was known to them as having been deeply implicated in the conspiracy of 1868. Baure himself, who had sworn his intention to assassinate the Emperor. On the evening of the same day other persons were arrested, and at the residence of one of them the police seized a case of bombs and a quantity of explosive powder.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The following are the preachers appointed by the Bishop of London to preach in the Cathedral on Sunday mornings during this month: Sunday, 8th, the Rev. R. Collier Packman, B.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, rector of Langdon-hill; Sunday, 15th, the Rev. Arthur Martineau, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, rector of St. Mildred, Broad-street; Sunday, 22nd, the Rev. E. Hayes Plumtree, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, rector of Pluckley, Kent; Sunday, 29th, the Rev. John Vilgen Poval, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, rector of St. Anne's, Aldersgate, and Lord Mayor's chaplain. Divine Service commences at 10.30 A.M. At the evening service under the dome to-morrow evening the Rev. Canon Gregory will preach in aid of the National Society. The Rev. Canon H. Parry Liddon, M.A., will preach at the 3.15 P.M. service.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.—A case, disclosing some extraordinary features, has just been investigated by Dr. Lancaster, of the Hospital for Lunatics, Saltergate, Leeds. The subject of the inquiry was Caroline Foster, aged forty-six, sister-in-law of the proprietor of the above establishment, and the general evidence went to show that from the early age of two years she had been an idiot, blind, and terribly deformed, having passed no less than forty-four years of her aimless life in bed, from which she was lifted in and out by various members of the family who from time to time had charge of her. She never saw a doctor, never seemed to all in any way, and, as far as was possible, her time passed pleasantly and happily. On a recent evening, Jane Harrison, who waited on her, gave her her supper, which consisted, as it generally did, of bread and cheese and half a pint of ale, and during the next morning she was discovered lying quite dead, as though she had passed off in a sleep.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A LITTLE GIRL.—A little girl, about ten years of age, while travelling from Brighton to London on Tuesday afternoon last week, was looking out of the window of the carriage and eating an orange, when the door flew open and she fell out and was killed. The guard of the train, named John Wright, who has been in the Company's service for nearly twenty-five years, and through whose neglect in not locking the door the accident is said to have occurred, seems to have been much affected by the melancholy event, and was engaged to leave Brighton by the 8.30 train next morning. When the time for starting arrived he was missing, and was found dead, with his body lying in a closet at the Brighton station. At the inquest the jury found a verdict of "Accidental death," and added that the accident was caused by the neglect of the servant of the Railway Company in not seeing the door on the off side of the carriage locked.

"EVERY mother and housekeeper must often act as family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For such cases I have used Perry Davis' Kidney and Bladder Remedy, and consider it indispensable in the family."—N. Y. Examiner.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

AN "INCONSOLABLE WIDOW."—In the cemetery at Lery the following epitaph may be seen: "Here lies Jean Baptiste Fumier, formerly municipal councillor of the commune. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. His inconsolable widow (in concert with her new husband) has erected this monument to his memory."

"BEAUTY SPOTS."—"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways." Repetitions that many of the "coloured ladies" of New York may be seen promenading Broadway on a fine afternoon, with countenances ornamented with a patch of white court-plaster! If white faces can thus be made to see the absurdity of wearing black patches, some good will be accomplished.

NUPTIAL MEDAL.—The *Panaro* of Modena says: "We have lately seen a gold nuptial medal, weighing a pound, given by Ferdinand III., King of Hungary and Bohemia to a member of the Rangoni family of this city, on the occasion of his Majesty's marriage with the Infanta Maria Anna, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. Schnovsner asserts that the Numismatic collection in the Hungarian Institute does not possess a duplicate of this interesting memorial."

SOMETHING LIKE A JEWEL.—At the South Kensington Museum there has been on exhibition for a few days a jewelled diadem, which, in respect of its value and the taste of its execution, may be termed unique. It consists of a rose and thistle-crest interwoven, the whole being one mass of diamonds of the first water, interspersed with pearls, many of which are the size of pistol-bullets. The rosebuds are formed each of a single rose-diamond, while the centre of each full-blown rose consists of a lustrous pearl.

CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—When John Clerk, the celebrated Scotch advocate, was pleading at the House of Lords, he pronounced several times the word *enow*, for *enough*. Lord Chancellor Eldon dryly remarked, "Mr. Clerk, in England we sound the *ough* as *uff*—*enuff*, not *enow*." "Verra well, ma lord," continued the self-possessed pleader, "of this we have said *enuff*, and I come, ma lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apporcelled, ma lord, into what in England would be called a pluff-land—a pluff-land being as much land as a pluff-man can pluff in one day." His lordship could withstand the ready repartee no longer, and burst into a laugh that shook the woolstack, saying: "Pray proceed, Mr. Clerk, I know *enow* of Scotch to understand your argument."

THE EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.—A singularly hideous but somewhat ingenious portrait of the ex-Queen Isabella has been circulated through Spain. The figure in full length, standing, and wearing the dress of the fourteenth century, the Queen is shown from the waist up, the top of whose head, and, better forward, are the eyes. The chin is a heavy purse, containing 200,000*l.* reals, levied for the maintenance of the temporal power. Round the neck is a necklace composed of the skulls of the many Spaniards who have perished for the Queen's cause since 1833. A flower on the bosom represents the laws of Spain, consumed by the flames of revolution. The star worn in a corner of the skirt is inscribed with the names of the towns which are supposed to have suffered most severely under misrule. An inscription on the heart records ingratitude to the family of Zurbano. The hair on each side of the head is filled out with grim-looking monks, who close the royal ears to the voice of the people, and the whole is surmounted by a diadem, inscribed "Ignominia," and culminating in a small portrait of the *Son Perdonado*.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—A meeting of the American Women's Educational Association was held at Steinway Hall on the 28th of March. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who presided, stated that he had an address, which was written by a woman, Miss Catherine Beecher, Secretary of the society, and that he himself the next best thing to a woman he had been requested to read it. The address described as the object of the Association improved scientific and practical training for women in domestic and industrial pursuits suitable to their sex, and the securing to women as liberal compensation as men gain in their professions. If there were in each State a well conducted and endowed university for women, they would be far more useful to themselves and to society than they are, would be more sure of obtaining a maintenance, and would have to marry merely to be supported. Of the 18,000 applications for work made to the New York Working Women's Protective Union not half were found fit for any avocation but that of a sempstress. The first American flag, according to the design and approval of Congress, was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. Three of her daughters live near Philadelphia to confirm this fact. Fourteen years of belief, not upon what they marry, but upon what their mother had often told them. A niece of this lady, Mrs. Margaret Briggs, aged ninety-five years, now lives in German Town, and is conversant with the fact. The fact is not generally known that to Philadelphia not only belongs the honour of flinging the first star-spangled banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honour of having made it.

ENGLISH LADIES OF RANK AS SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.—The following sketch has appeared in one of the most popular of the American papers: "The three notable women of the time in the aristocracy of England are Countess Waldegrave, Lady Molesworth, and the Marchioness of Salisbury, yet neither were of patrician birth. Lady Waldegrave was the daughter of Braham the singer. Her first husband was Mr. Waldegrave; her second, his brother, the Earl; her third Mr. Harcourt; her fourth, and present, Mr. Chichester. The Countess, who graduated at Oxford with the highest honours, and is now Chief Secretary for Ireland—a brilliant man. This last marriage was a love match. Lady W. is ever so rich! owns Strawberry-hill, which belonged to Horace Walpole, and other fine mansions, and entertains superbly. Lady Molesworth was a Miss Carstairs, and was bred for a professional singer. Like Lady Waldegrave, she has the good sense never to ignore the comparative humanness of her origin. She has mental endowments, is a charming conversationalist, and as for her dinners, bless you! old Apicius would have raved over them. There is a good story told of one of her entertainments, at which four dukes were present. The dinner was so good and the dukes so dull that during two courses none of them spoke. The Marchioness of Salisbury inherited, no doubt, some of her abilities from Baron Alington. She was a senior wrangler and afterwards an eminent judge. She was married to Lord Robert Cecil, who, being poor, wrote for the papers. She had talent; she wrote too. They were regular contributors to the *Saturday Review*. When Lord Robert's eldest brother, Lord Cranborne, who was blind, but cultured and accomplished, died, Lord Robert succeeded him, and his worldly possessions were materially enlarged. He became Secretary of State for India, and developed a high degree of administrative ability. Lady Salisbury, like the two ladies named previously, possessed the tact and talent demanded to make the home of a statesman attractive, socially and politically."

The Merry Hour.

WHEN is the wind like a certain fruit?—When it is current. When is it like music?—When it whistles. When is it like a baby?—When it is squally. When like a fruit-tree?—When it blows. When like a person in deep grief?—When it moans. When like a newspaper?—When it puffs. People who travel in cannibal countries are apt to be turned into Indian meal.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive. "I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron, to a gentleman, as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "Oh, yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that they are invariably carried out of the room."

"HEAR, HEAR." Two old women were standing in front of the hustings at an election, listening to the speeches, when the crowd suddenly burst into laughter at something which had been said upon the platform; and one of the old women clapped her hands, and cried, "Eh, Mary, that wur a good 'un—that wur a good 'un!" "What wur it, Matty?" inquired her friend. "Nay," replied she, "I don't know what it wur; but somebody's catch't it!"

MY FAIRY.

Not a fairy to dance in a moonbeam,
When it suits her fantastical whim;
Nor a fay, such as long yene we read of,
In the works of the great Brothers Grimm.

A heroine of fact, not of fiction,
For your Ideal damself I dread,
A sweet little lady, my fairy,
Who works very hard for her bread.

You all know the girl with her lover,
In that *Huguenot* piece by Millais,
Well, my fairy is really quite like her,
Though her nose is a thought *refracted*.

A dear little face—some say "dolly!"
But that is a matter of taste,
Eyes not blue—but so tender and truthful,
And the daintiest figure and waist.

My fairy possesses a temper,
She has also a will of her own,
But they helped her, when, friendless and lonely,
Upon a hard world she was thrown.
She works for her bread—as I told you,
She is hopeful, and loving, and true,
And her name is—but why should I tell it?
I know, so what matter to you.—Free Lance.

THE SMOKER. "The Snuff-Taker,"
The Bridgport, &c. Best Man, &c. A set of five
clever, droll Figures, well coloured. Free for 11 stamps.
—JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-st. London.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.—WANTED.
Any quantity of Ladies' or Gentlemen's **LEFT-OFF**
CLOTHES. Broaded Silks, Satins, Point and all kinds
of Lace, Indian and Fancy Dresses, Uniforms, &c., &c.
Ladies or gentlemen wanted on at any time or distance, and
the full value paid in cash, by addressing Mr. and Mrs.
PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-sq., London, W.
Parcels from town or country the full value sent by post-
office order. Diamonds, jewels, gold and silver bought.
Established 1820.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.—Mr. and Mrs.
PHILLIPS beg to inform ladies and gentlemen that
they are in a position to offer much higher prices for all
kinds of CLOTHING than any other persons, having re-
ceived extensive orders from their agents in the colonies.
All orders and parcels will receive prompt attention.—Ad-
dress, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, London, W.
Established 1820. Cash only.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES BOUGHT FOR
CASH, in large or small quantities, by Mr. and Mrs.
PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-sq., London, W.
Established 1820. Terms, cash only.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Silk, Satin,
Lace, Velvet, and other Dresses BOUGHT FOR
CASH by Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street,
Manchester-square, W. Ladies and gentlemen waited on at any
time or distance. Established 1820. Terms, cash only. No
connection with any small shops.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Point Lace,
FURS—in fact, all articles of value—BOUGHT FOR
CASH by Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street,
Manchester-square, W. Mrs. P. waits on ladies. Estab-
lished 1820. Terms Ready Money.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Uniforms,
Court, Indian, and other Dresses, Guns, Revolvers,
Furniture, Bed and Table Linen, Antique China, Gold and
Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, Pearls—in fact, all articles of
value—BOUGHT by Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-
street, Manchester-square, London. Money orders sent for
parcels. Established 1820.

LEFT OFF CLOTHES.—Mr. and Mrs.
PHILLIPS do not employ any agents in this country,
and their only addresses are as follows: 31, Thayer-street,
Montreal, Canada; Myers-street, Sandhurst, Victoria,
Australia; and 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square,
London, W., where all letters and parcels must be
addressed. Established 1820. Terms, ready money only.
No Connection with any other House of the same Name.

TO LADIES.

THICK HAIR PLATS FOR FORMING THE COIL CHIGNON, 33 inches in length and PERFECTLY SHOWN, 55c. each
SECOND QUALITY, same length when Plaited, but made of shorter Hair, 25c.
SINGLE CURLS, from 2s. 6d. to 21s.
CLUSTERS OF CURLS, 10s. 6d. to 30s., according to length
ALL COLOURS MATCHED, AND ANY ORDER SENT BY POST SECURE FROM OBSERVATION.

STACEY & CO.,
HAIRDRESSERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
45, CRANBOURN-STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Established 1847.

(From Punch.)

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.
I never knew how dear wert thou
Till we were man and wife.
When to perform my marriage vow
Became my task in life.
Since then there scarce hath passed a day
But some expensive whim
Of thine hath made me dearly pay,
Although my funds were slim.
Thy various costly tastes to please,
In living and in dress,
My purse hath grown small by degrees,
And beautifully less.

Ah, if in wooing men could know
How dear their wives would be,
Less haste for wedlock they would show
Than erst I show for thee.

AMBITION.—Miss Ethel: "Mamma dear, I think I shall
be a Dutchesse." Mamma: "What nonsense, Ethel! What
do you mean?" Ethel: "Why, how would it be if I married
a Dutch?"

A FUGITIVE PRINCESS.—*Le Goulois* relates an incident
which it says occurred a few days since at Nice. The Princess
of Monaco, who, by the advice of the Emperor Napoleon,
recently returned to her husband at Nice, determined, for some
reasons not known, to quit him, and with her mother took
seats in a carriage forming part of the train for Paris. The
Princess followed his wife, and desired her to alight, but she
refused. He threatened to invoke the aid of the gendarmes,
but the Princess was inexorable. The stationmaster, finding
the hour of departure had already passed, ordered the carriage
in which the Princess was seated to be disconnected, and de-
patched the remainder of the train to Paris, leaving the Prince
and his wife to arrange their difference at leisure.

SWALLOWING 3L 10s.—A very strange case has been in-
vestigated by Dr. Lankester. A woman named Jane Russell,
aged thirty, was living with a man named Tapley, who won a
considerable sum of money at the Alexandra-park Races
about two years ago. While showing to her a quantity of
gold, she suddenly made a snatch at it and jokingly ran away
with it. As he was pursuing her round the table, the woman
put the money into her mouth, and in her excitement, while
laughing, she suddenly swallowed three sovereigns and a half.
The man took her to a doctor, and subsequently to King's
College Hospital, where the medical men wished her to stop,
but she refused. She had an emetic, but she felt no ill effects
from it, and carefully took precautions to prevent the loss of
the coin. Within the last few months she became very ill
and emaciated, and seemed to be in a consumption, and was
admitted on the 23rd March into the St. Pancras Workhouse
infirmary, where she got gradually worse, and died on the
25th inst. Death arose from ulceration of the stomach pro-
duced by the impact of the sovereigns.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 30th ult., at Murston Rectory, near Sittingbourne, the wife of the Rev. J. S. Hoare, of a daughter.
On the 28th ult., at Ipsden, the wife of W. P. Knowles, jun., Esq., of a daughter.
On the 25th ult., at Lower Norwood, the wife of C. P. Wilson, Esq., late Indian Navy, of a son.
On the 30th ult., at Hammersmith, the wife of L. S. Winslow, Esq., LL.B., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th ult., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. John Jenkins, jun., of Huntingdon, to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of T. Fisher, Esq., of Ely.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd ult., at her residence, 45, Cadogan-place, Frances, the widow of the late Rev. Thomas Charles Brown, rector of Eshall and Wexford, Warwickshire, in the sixty-sixth year of her age.
On the 24th ult., at the residence of her son-in-law, John Balch Chatterton, Esq., 52, Manchester-street, Manchester, Charlotte Maria Latham, wife of the late Thomas Davenport Latham, in her eighty-fifth year.
On the 29th ult., at King Edward's-road, Hackney, the Rev. Richard Stunders, in his eighty-second year.

A NOTABLE CHARACTER.—A veritable centenarian has just died in the island of Arran. Ebenezer Baillie, as he was named, was born in the parish of Dalrymple, Ayrshire, in the year 1767, and was a schoolfellow of the poet Burns, whom he remembered well, and of whom he had many interesting stories to narrate. He left Ayrshire for Arran when in his twentieth year, and though all the then inhabitants of the island were ignorant of English, and he equally ignorant of Gaelic, he managed to woo and win one of the fair natives, by whom he had a large family, of whom one survives at the mature age of eighty-one. In his seventieth year Baillie married a second time, and by this marriage had one daughter. He was a weaver by trade, but he had a knack of turning his hand to many professions, and few country doctors were more skillful in setting fractured bones or bleeding *à la Dr. Sangrado*. For a year or two back he has been bedridden, but to the last he retained full possession of his mental faculties, and passed away quite conscious of the presence of his friends. He had for long been one of the curiosities of the island, and by the aid of the Parochial Board and the donations of charitable persons he was enabled to end his days in a comparatively comfortable manner. His second wife, who was much his junior, nursed him carefully and faithfully to the end.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—With these marvellous remedies always at hand, no sick person need despair of being perfectly cured; they are in unison on the absorbent system, giving tone and vigour to all the functions of life. Their surprising sale in every part of the civilised world is the most convincing proof that their virtues have not been overrated. In cases of bad legs, old wounds, scrofula, and diseases of the skin, they are wonderfully efficacious. Thousands of persons who suffered from these dreadful maladies have been completely cured by their use after every other means had failed. There is no case, however obstinate, or of however long standing, that can ultimately resist the united actions of these medicaments.

PATENTED THROUGHOUT EUROPE AND AMERICA.



PRIZE MEDALS awarded at the London, Paris, and Australian International Exhibitions, for
"Improvements and general excellence."
DIPLOME DE MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, NETHERLANDS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1860.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON.

The principal advantages of their last Patented Pianoforte Improvements are—

"This mechanism secures instantaneous repetition without any alteration of the sound through the spasmodic interruption so common to the vibration of the strings. . . . It has received the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."—*Standard*, Sept. 15, 1869.
"The touch is very even, light, and elastic, giving the performer every facility for producing gradations of tone. So important an improvement is of the utmost interest to pianists."—*Musical Times*, June 1, 1869.
"The Messrs. Brinsmead's invention is simplicity itself, and there can be little doubt that it more closely approaches perfection than any arrangement which has preceded it. . . . It is long since we have listened to instruments more rich in tone and general brilliancy than these."—*The Queen*, May 15, 1869.

18, WIGMORE STREET, W.

MANUFACTORIES—1 TO 4, CHENIES STREET; 8, LITTLE TORRINGTON STREET;
AND 3, HERTFORD PLACE, LONDON.

TAMAR INDIEN,

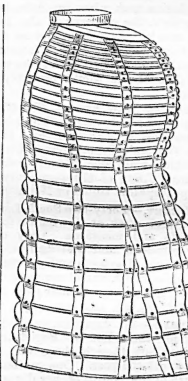
A Laxative, Refreshing, and Medicated Fruit Lozenge, for the immediate Relief
and permanent Cure of

CONSTIPATION,

CEREBRAL CONGESTION, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILE, HEMORRHOIDS, &c.

TAMAR (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces
irritation.PREPARED BY E. GRILLON, PHARMACIEN, 25, RUE DE GRAMMONT, PARIS
And Sold by Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon Street, London.

Price 2s. 6d. per Box (stamped); by post 2s. 9d.



THOMSON'S

SEW "PANTIER"

CRINOLINES

surpass

all their former pro-

ductions, both in

elegance of shape

and perfect

comfort in wear.

Ladies

should at

once

see them.

CORSETS.—Thomson's "Glove-Fitting."

The only perfect Corset.
The perfection of design and manufacture.
Cut on a new and more correct principle.
Will not stretch in wear.

CAUTION!—Thomson's Manufactures
are persistently imitated, and the inferior article
forced on purchasers for the sake of extra profit. The
Name and Trade Mark (a Crown), stamped on every
genuine article, form the only security.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective
remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick
headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms,
and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; and where an
aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A PLETHORIC HABIT, who are subject to
headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears,
arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should
never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will
be entirely averted off by their use.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing
all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent
with the sex, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nerv-
ous affections, bloatedness, pimples, eruptions of the
skin, and give a healthy, juvenile bloom to the com-
plexion.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.
per box, or obtained through any Chemist.



CONVULSIONS IN TEETHING.—None but anxious
Mothers know the real worry of the "teething time,"
and the Nursery has no worthier or more innocent
adjunct than Mrs. Johnson's American Soothing Syrup,
which, easily applied to the Infant's gums, relieves the
pain and prevents Convulsions. The experience of half
a century has made the article extremely popular. None
genuine without the name of "Barclay & Sons, 95, Far-
rington Street," is on the stamp. Sold by all Chemists,
at 2s. 9d. a bottle.

MILES DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES strengthen and produce a Voice melodious, sweet, and clear.

Testimonial No. 6, 112.—Madlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON writes, August 2nd, 1869: "I find your Lozenges most excellent for the throat and voice—receive my thanks."

Telegram received from Mr. GOSWILL, Chemist, Liverpool, Sept. 20th, 1869: "Forward by first passenger train to Madlle. Christine Nilsson, Victoria Hotel, Preston, two large boxes of Voice Lozenges, 11s. each, charge to me."

Testimonial No. 545.—LARRY LEON writes: "My experience confirms the testimony already so general in favour of your Voice Lozenges."

LOUISA PIERCE writes: "I have benefited much from the use of them."

ARCHBISHOP MARSHALL writes: "I approve very highly of them."

Sir MICHAEL COSTA writes: "I am glad to give my testimonial to their efficacy."

* * * These delightfully flavoured Lozenges improve, sustain, and increase the power and compass of the voice, stop its decline and impart elasticity and brilliancy to the vocal chords.

Sold in Boxes at 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each; post free for 8, 14, or 33 stamps, by MILES DOUGHTY, Chemist, 29 and 27, Blackfriars-road, London; and at all Chemists.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NEURALGIA, THE GREAT REMEDY OF THE DAY

Is DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. A few doses will cure all incipient cases.

CAUTION.—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of Chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that the Public should obtain the genuine, which is now sold under the protection of Government authorising a stamp bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," without which none is genuine. See decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Times, July 15, 1861.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1/4, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 23, Great Russell-street, London, W.C.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

Morrison's Archimedian Hem-Folder

THE SEWING-MACHINE AND THE FINGER.

Manufactured solely by JOSEPH GILLOTT, Metallist, Pen Maker to the Queen, Victoria Works, Graham Street, Birmingham. Drawings and particulars forwarded on application.

COOKERY for LADIES—aye, and Gentlemen too. —THE POCKET KITCHENER. This marvellous personal Cuisine can be conveniently carried in a Gentleman's pocket or a Lady's reticule; yet for numerous services it is as efficient as a kitchen fire. No fuel required. The possessor can obtain, early or late, in bedroom or elsewhere, boiling water in five minutes—no amputee, no trouble—also prepare Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, or Chocolate.

In the Pocket Kitchen you can poach or boil eggs, vegetables, &c., &c.; stew or fry kidney, frog, steak, sausage, chop, bacon, &c., &c. The Little Cuisine is available in the open fields, in railway carriage, on tour, excursion, or picnic; in sanctum, office, chamber study, boudoir, or mountain-top; anywhere and instantly. Dinner prepared at the cost of about three farthings. Price 4s. 9d., 6s. 9d.; duplex, 7s. 9d.; of the Patented, T. G. POTTER, the Stella Lamp Depot, 11, Oxford-street, London. Sent anywhere on receipt of three stamps extra.

RIGAUD & CO'S PERFUMERY

45, RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

Authentically used by ALL PARISIENNES & CIRCLES.

RIGAUD'S TOLUTINE

THE TOILET WATER OF THE DAY, Preserves the Freshness of the Skin and the Firmness of the Complexion.

MIRANDA SOAP

Gives the Skin a delightful silky surface, and is all that can be desired as to Perfume.

RIGAUD'S DENTORINE

A Dentifrice Elixir of unequalled virtues. Sweetens the Breath, Strengthens the Gums, and Preserves the Teeth from Decay.

SOLIDIFIED DENTIFRICE CREAM

A brush dipped in water and dentifrice cream passed over it produces a soft and unctuous massage that gives the Teeth a brilliant whiteness.

MIRANDA OIL

Miranda Pomade

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR.

ROSE POWDER

Its superiority must secure the preference of persons desirous of preserving their beauty while gratifying the sense of smell.

RIGAUD'S COLORIGÈNE

RESTORING TO THE HAIR ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR.

A vegetable compound; contains nothing injurious; restores the Hair to its natural colour. Its success is reliable, and it does not stain either the skin or linen.

GENUINE YLANGYLANG PREPARATIONS

Offered genuine and incomparable with any other used under the same name. Messrs. RIGAUD & CO. being the only original importers—

YLANGYLANG

SOAP. OIL. POWDER. TOILET WATER. POMADE. COLD CREAM. COSMETIC.

EXTRACT OF YLANGYLANG

MANILLA BOUQUET.

The two Favourite Perfumes for the Handskerchief.

KANANGA

The fashionable Perfume, Just Imported by Messrs. RIGAUD & CO.

Sole Importers, 115, Oxford-street; NEWBURY, 45, St. Paul's-churchyard.

PRIME NEW SEASON'S TEA.

Really Good and Truly Cheap are the TEAS and COFFEES supplied by

PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS,
8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.

STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1s. 8d., 2s., 3s. 4d. VERY FINE RICH BLACK TEA, 2s. 6d.

A Price Current Free.

Sugars at Market Prices.

PHILLIPS & CO. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within Eight miles of No. 8, King William-street, City; and send TEAS, COFFEES, and SPICES CARRIAGE FREE to any Railway Station or Market Town in England, if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.—Phillips & Co. have no Agents.



TRADE MARK.

"A CUP OF COFFEE IN ONE MINUTE!"

DUNN'S

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.

"I think I can confidently assert that DUNN'S Essence of Coffee is the only one which has stood ground; all other attempts, for some reason or other, have hitherto proved failures, and eventually have been abandoned."

Extract from the Commercial Handbook of Chemical Analysis, by

A. NORMANDY, M.D.

DANIEL DUNN was the Inventor and First Manufacturer of "Essence of Coffee."

Sold in Bottles at 1s. and 2s. each.

MANUFACTURED BY

DUNN & HEWETT,
PENTONVILLE, LONDON.



Is prepared from RICE, the Staple Food of more than Three Hundred Millions (300,000,000), of People, and is unequalled for Blanc-Mange, Custards, Puddings, Cakes, Soups, &c., and is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children and Invalids.

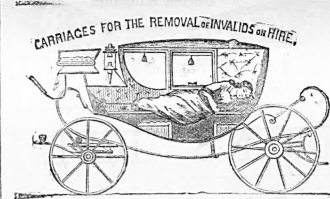
Testimonial from EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S.

"Rice-Flour is Corn-Flour, and I regard its preparation of Messrs. COLMAN'S as superior to anything of the kind now before the public."

SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., Professor at the Liverpool College of Chemistry, writes:—"I can highly recommend it as a palatable and very digestible and nutritious food."

Sold by Family Grocers, &c., in 1 lb., ½ lb., & ¼ lb. Packets.

J. AND J. COLMAN, LONDON.



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Invalid Cot Carriages.

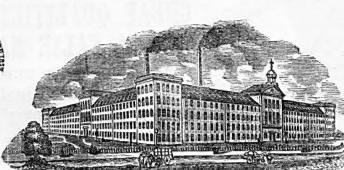
The Greatest Ease and Comfort ever introduced for Removing Invalids, being fitted up with the PATENT ROSSLESS WHEELS, and the New Tubular Air-Beds, may be engaged, on Moderate Terms, for any journey.

H. & J. READING,

COACH-BUILDERS,

14, RIDING-HOUSE-ST., LANGHAM PL.

Also a good assortment of New and Second-hand Broughams and other Carriages for Sale or Hire.



J. & P. COATS,

Sewing, Tatting, & Crochet Cotton Manufacturers,
PAISLEY.

Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

Messrs. J. & P. COATS confidently recommend their 200 yds. Machine Cotton, in Boxes (6 Cord, all No.'s), and their 400 yds. Machine Reels, as being unequalled by any Cotton in the Market, and suitable for every kind of Shuttle or Spool Machine, Lock or Chain Stitch.

Patent Glace Threads, manufactured expressly for Sewing Machine Work, may also be had by those who prefer them.

TATTING OR CROCHET COTTON, OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, IN HANK OR IN REELS.

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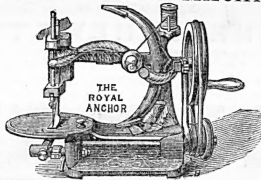
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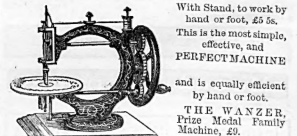
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